

February

DWIGHT L. MOODY

Ten Cents

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



EDITED BY

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FROM PALM

TO PINE



SENATOR BEVERIDGE AND THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION

INSIDE HISTORY OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF GENERAL LAWTON

HENRY IRVING AND HIS TRIUMPHS

CLEVER STORIES

—BY—

OCTAVE THANET, HAYDEN CARRUTH,

FRANCIS LYNDE AND OTHER

AMERICAN AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED



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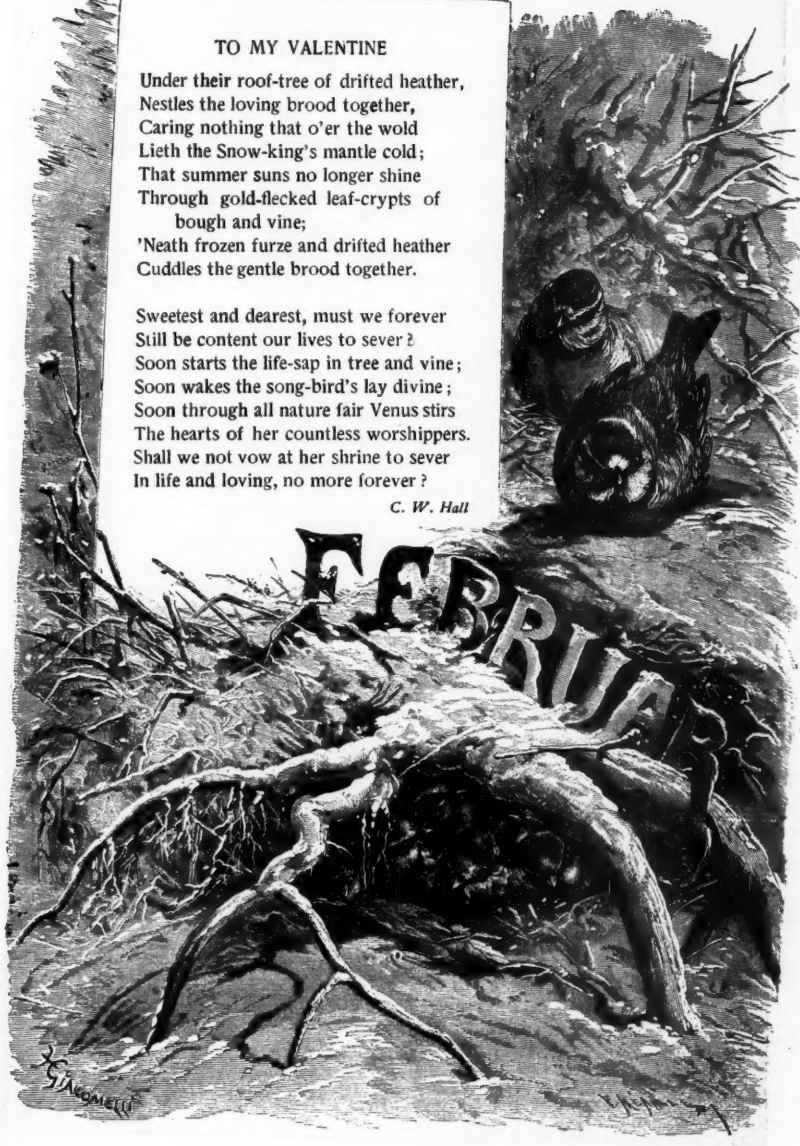
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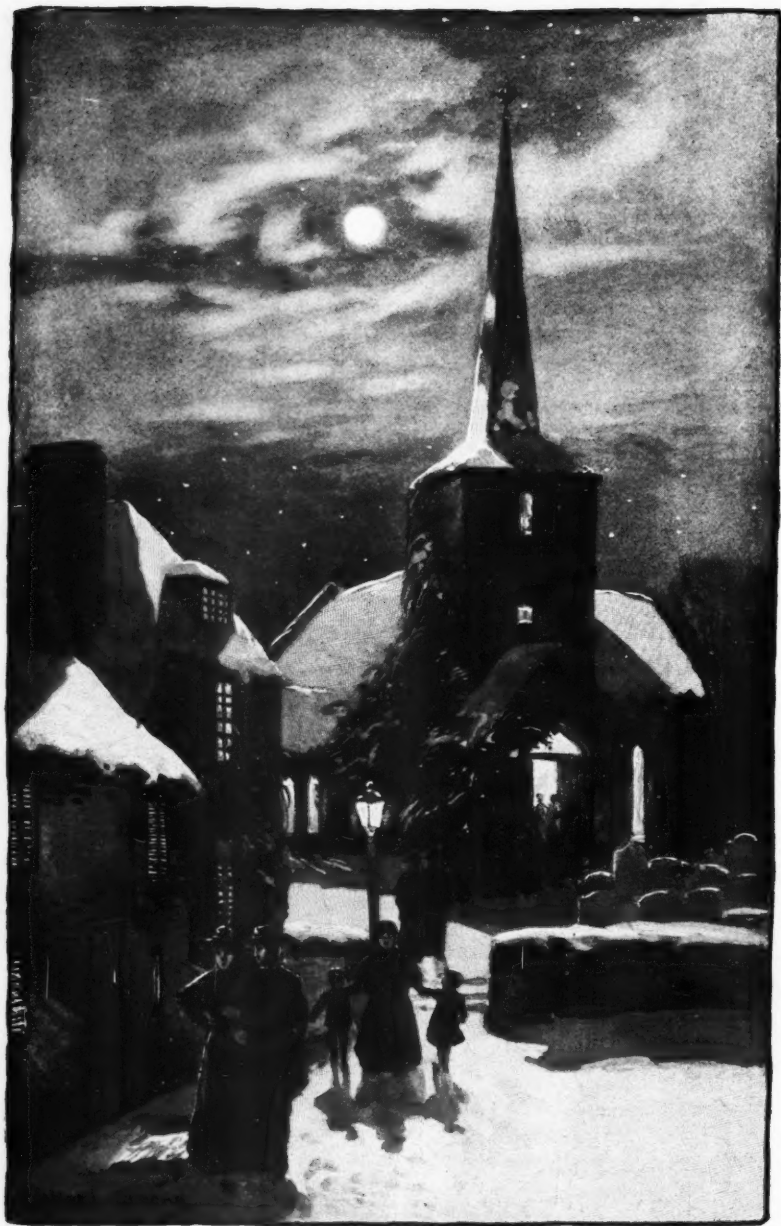
TO MY VALENTINE

Under their roof-tree of drifted heather,
Nestles the loving brood together,
Caring nothing that o'er the wold
Lieth the Snow-king's mantle cold;
That summer suns no longer shine
Through gold-flecked leaf-crypts of
bough and vine;
'Neath frozen furze and drifted heather
Cuddles the gentle brood together.

Sweetest and dearest, must we forever
Still be content our lives to sever?
Soon starts the life-sap in tree and vine;
Soon wakes the song-bird's lay divine;
Soon through all nature fair Venus stirs
The hearts of her countless worshippers.
Shall we not vow at her shrine to sever
In life and loving, no more forever?

C. W. Hall





"If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair."

—Old Scottish Rhyme

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No. 5



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A NEW voice has spoken and bestirred the cob-web conventionalities of the senate chamber. The event of the month was Senator Beveridge's speech on the Philippine question. It has done much to set the people thinking on the vexed problem of insular possessions. With the fire, spirit and enthusiasm of the orator that he is, young Senator Beveridge was certainly equal to the theme and the occasion, which has fixed him as one of the coming powers in the senate. Nor was all this the flash of a moment's inspiration; it was the result of thorough personal investigation.

. . .

Soon after his election as senator, he quickly foresaw a grave responsibility—that of setting right a great American movement of the century. He made a trip to the Philippines, and saw with his own eyes what others will have to learn by report. Although in Luzon only seven weeks, the representative of "The National Magazine" who was there at the time, found him an intrepid investigator. Attired in his fatigue uniform, he was out at sunrise seeing things, investigating peoples, places and institutions with a keen zest for facts. He was prepared for his undertaking, and no time was lost during those seven weeks.

The vigor with which he prosecuted "finding out things" quite alarmed his English friend, Capt. Hedworth Lambton, who is now in the thick of the fight in South Africa. In many pictures taken by "The National Magazine" artists, we find Senator Beveridge here, there and everywhere, in quest of the truth and the facts as bearing upon the great issue now affecting the destiny of the nations, upon which he has spoken so positively.

. . .

The speech was the result of a mature and superb effort. For weeks he was absorbed in its preparation, throwing into it all the force of original thought and reflection. He went into training as an athlete would, before the Olympian games. In his handsome suite of rooms at the Portland, I visited him when buried deep in preparation. On every hand were the trophies of his tour through the Philippines. With one side of the room bristling with spears, bolos and krisses of the Filipinos, he pleaded his cause, and saw clearly and fixedly the duties of the hour. Senator Beveridge is a young man, and his patriotic, progressive sentiments will find a heart-response from young men who have the future destinies of the nation in hand. He may not be in touch with those who

look backward fifty years and forward only ten, but he is in touch with those who, while they may have only a brief record of public service behind them, have a lifetime before them. The conditions of fifty years ago found room for expansion in our great unsettled west—that is now past, but there are other territories as clearly open to the expansive spirit of America which must be improved, or there will be an eruption of far reaching consequence. "The National Magazine" has been severely criticized for a year past because of the positive position we assumed in reference to holding the Philippines. Our judgment in the matter was formed from personal observations,

MRS. GENERAL LAWTON

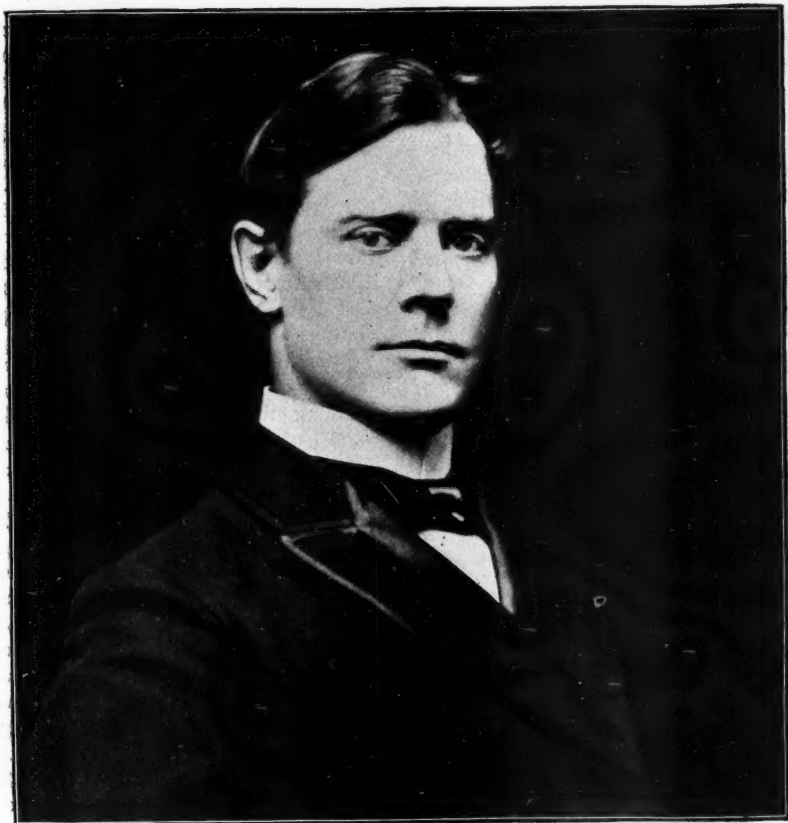


and now to have similar views so ably championed by Senator Beveridge, also an eye witness, certainly ought to be a matter of congratulation.

With silk hat, cane and jaunty air, the face, form and action of a genuine young man, Senator Beveridge comes like a refreshing breeze to the senate. Of course there are always the penalties of success; some of the older senators shake their heads in a way that might suggest jealousy, while others, more wisely, have welcomed him as an ally and champion of vigorous American progress.

It would be interesting to publish portraits of all our eminent statesmen at the time they entered public life or at the time when they made their greatest impression on the pages of history. Revolutions build nests in young brains. Later years bring ripened conservatism. Senator Beveridge, although scarcely yet acclimated to the malarial atmosphere of Washington, enjoys the close personal confidence and esteem of the strongest men of the nation who have a sympathy and prophetic interest in young men and the future, and who retain an appreciation for the atmosphere of action and aggressiveness, no matter how much they may patronizingly condone the crime of youth.

The debate of the financial bill suggested the reading of an annual report to a board of directors. Senator Aldrich is an earnest student and his



Alfred J. Beveridge.

array of figures were fascinating. The senators turned about in their chairs and were all ears and attention. Senator Allen complacently chewed a toothpick, Chauncey Depew sat benign and upright in the end of the semi-circle on the Democratic side, but there was only a listless interest in the formalities. . . .

Interest in the Roberts case has lagged during the month, or, rather, it has been overshadowed by the contest of Senator Clark, of Montana, which indicates to what extent men will go to prefix a title to their names. The senatorial "clearing house" will be kept very busy this session, and Quay comes next! . . .

The president now takes his airing and exercise in walking, and it has had the effect of reviving interest in the good old-fashioned way of getting about. He is a brisk walker and those who accompany him, to talk over matters and economize time, have to keep a lively pace to carry on the conversation, and catch their second wind.

* * *

The absorbing topic of the month is Secretary Hay's "Open Door," which has brought the nations of the world to an understanding that precludes the dismemberment of the celestial empire, and the monopolization of Chinese trade and territory. Secretary Hay's genius and career pre-eminently fitted him for the consummation of this project. Coming from the

MRS. REBER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL MILES



west, as the private secretary of President Lincoln, a self-reliant and self-educated young man, he has given the nation the advantage of his close association with Lincoln. No wonder that his "Open Door" is popular with European diplomats. He has a hearty, "open door," hospitable way that wins. In his appearance one is reminded of a resemblance to the late James Russell Lowell. His beard, lightly frosted with grey, and his kind dark eyes—no matter what he says or does—always interesting.

Something of a feeling of awe came over me, as I realized I was standing in the presence and the room of the American premier. Thoughts of past scenes in this room in which Blaine, Gresham, Bayard, and

Day so recently figured, came to mind. Within a few years the domain under control of this country has extended seven thousand miles, and this is the work-room where all the great diplomatic complications are adjusted. Secretary Hay is one of the big men of the hour; is in touch with the problems of the times, and looks forward instead of backward.

* * *

In the same building, standing in the corner of a dark-draped room, in which hung portraits of Stanton and other stern-visaged secretaries, was Secretary Root, holding his consultations. There is something about his very glance, from keen eyes under shaggy eyebrows, that inspires confidence. Simple, unaffected, logical and legal to a hair's

breadth, there is no time lost in formalities with him. He goes direct to the point without being brusque, his eyeglasses astride his ear, and caressing his chin with his left hand, or mowing his stubby hair, he listens and grasps a situation while most men would pass the time of day. He has the New York pace, and is a concentrated listener and a decisive disciplinarian, although I doubt if he ever bothered about the stickler part of epaulet etiquette.

MRS. MERRIAM



The present administration is certainly one of strong men, whatever else may be said of them in a political sense. President McKinley is a public man who understands young men, consequently he is in touch with the future. His sagacity in choosing able men has resulted in positive results. The tariff question has been settled for this generation, at least; the country brought from the dregs of panic to a sure foundation of general prosperity. The currency aggravation has been soothed, and inside of four years a foreign war carried to a successful completion; and the greatest epoch-making event of our decade grappled with in the perplexities of insular possessions.

The diplomatic reception at the White House, the first of the series of receptions by the President and Mrs. McKinley, was as usual a brilliant function, gorgeous with the trap and trimmings of the court dress of the diplomats. It is by all odds the most

exclusive of the President's receptions, and the number who attended was as large as usual. Mrs. McKinley's gown was white satin, heavily brocaded, with a diamond necklace encircling the high stock collar. She wore a white osprey tip and carried a bouquet of violets. Lord Pauncefote, as dean of the diplomatic corps, was the first to greet the President and receiving party, he was in full court dress, with a large number of decorations and insignia of rank, and was accompanied by Lady Pauncefote, who wore a magnificent gown.

Mrs. McKinley always receives her guests standing, whether at a reception or informal call. The pleasant greeting she always gives, however,

places her guests at ease. Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children, and many are the incidents pleasantly related by the small guests at the mansion. If there are flowers near she invariably places one in the child's hand, with one of her sweetest smiles, and there is no doubt that the smile from the first lady of the land is even more appreciated than the rose she gives. Mrs. McKinley will stand out in history as the children's friend on all occasions.

. . .

The most brilliant marriage ceremony in Washington since the wedding of Miss Nellie Grant to Mr. Algernon Sartoris, was the nuptial ceremony last month uniting Miss Cecelia Sherman Miles and Captain Samuel Reber. Captain Reber served on General Miles' staff, and has taken his bride to his present post.

LADY PAUNCEFOTE



Mrs. William R. Merriam, the wife of the director of census, belongs to one of the best families of the land. She has presided over the gubernatorial mansion at St. Paul, where her husband is the most popular of the long line of governors. She has always been a liberal entertainer, and is a prominent figure at social functions.

. . .

Two of the interesting figures of the present Congress are Francis W. Cushman, the lank legislator from Washington state, and Julius Kahn, the thespian of the House. Cushman is a young man, scarcely turned thirty-three, who, it may be confidently said, is the only representative in recent Congress who can boast of having once been a section hand on a railroad. There have been waiters and sandwich venders at railroad junctions and farm laborers and others

in humble pursuits who have achieved distinction in Congress, but he began as a common laborer on a small section of track on a continental line in Iowa. One of Cushman's chief claims to distinction is as the successor of the natty James Hamilton Lewis, whose rainbow ties, polka dot "weskit," spotless spats, an unruffled tile hat and closely buttoned Prince Albert, together with his flowing red whiskers and suavity of tongue, gave him fame as the best dressed man in the House, as well as a rapid-fire orator. Cushman is the wit of the House and is one of its best story tellers.

. . .

Mr. Kahn on the other hand, is a sleek and pros-

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND MAJOR-GENERALS WHEELER, LAWTON, SHAFER AND KIEFER



perous appearing gentleman. He has achieved success along both theatrical and political lines. He is a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and when he first came to this country he drove a baker's wagon. He began theatrical life as Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," joined the Kiralfy Brothers in the early eighties in the production of "Michael Strogoff" and was with Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" as Hendrick Vedder. Later he played

Antonio Palmieri with Clara Morris; also in "Dombey and Son" with W. J. Florence, whom he regards as the greatest character actor. Then he appeared as Brassy Gall in "A Texas Steer" and Charles Hoyt offered him an engagement as long as he was on the road. Ten years ago he abandoned the stage for the political arena. He believed the same amount of energy would bring more results in law.

Then the congressional bee buzzed!

AN UNKNOWN MAN, KNOWN TO MILLIONS

The Late Daniel Sharp Ford, the Real "Perry Mason & Co.," Publisher of "The Youth's Companion"

By Mitchell Mannering

KNOwn to very few persons personally—even by name—Daniel Sharp Ford, the late publisher of the "Youth's Companion," died, revered by millions of readers.

Many country boys in all parts of our land, famous in trade and professions and public life, can date back the inspiration of a fixed ambition to the time when they had to await their turn to hear read aloud the "Companion." Having been one of those youthful admirers I feel that every reader is interested in the personality which was so positive an influence in making the paper what it is to-day. Daniel Ford made his way in the world with the \$500 loaned him by a friend who had confidence in him; and I regret that the name of the friend is not known, because he was a vital factor in a notable career.

In a dissolution of partnership controlling two publications, Mr. Ford's lot fell to the "Youth's Companion." The new editor inherited less than five thousand subscribers and was disappointed in his share as his chief ambition had been to publish a religious weekly such as fell to his partner. But there was no such thing as "give-up" in Daniel Ford. The paper was published under the fictitious firm name of Perry Mason & Co., and the "hopeless chance" became the great periodical success of the century; but even in his success he still clung to his simple ways and plain desk and rarely occupied his spacious office in the "Companion" building.

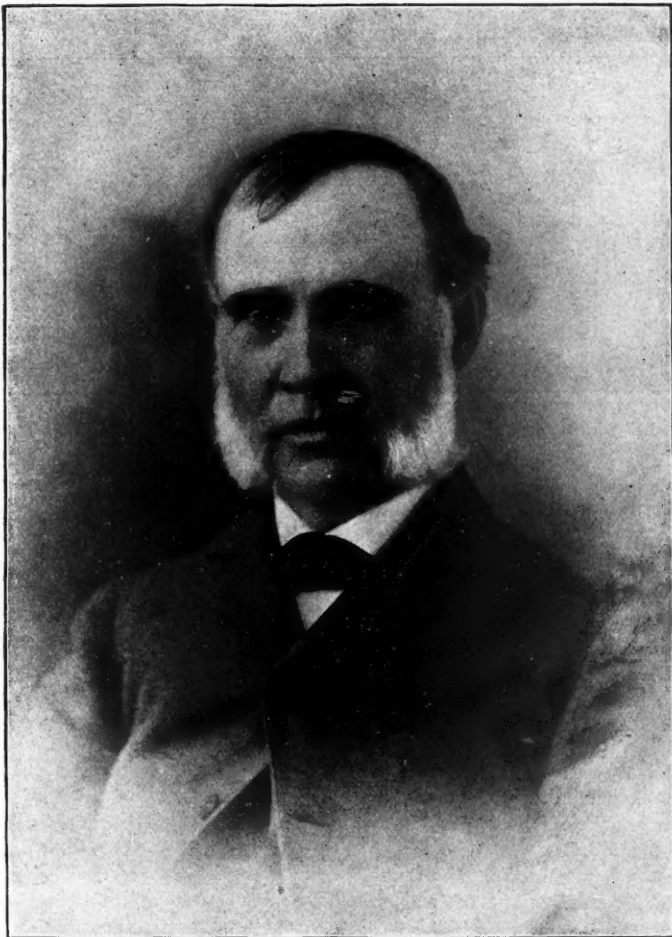
How well I remember as a youth

that the first letter I ever received through the post office was signed Perry Mason & Co., and I then wondered what kind of a man Mr. Mason was who wrote from 41 Temple Place.

Mr. Ford shrank from public notice in every way—just why is not given—but he consecrated his very soul-energies to his life-work as Perry Mason & Co., and the "Youth's Companion." Every line and paragraph he scrutinized week after week, to keep his fixed purpose and policy intact—entertaining, wholesome and inspiring literature. He did most of his work and business with the outside world, through very few persons. He came to and from his office almost unknown personally to hundreds in his employ; those who were always remembered. Concentrated upon the one purpose of making his paper not only better, but still better, he impressed his personality rather than his name upon the readers, and although he has given millions to religious and charitable institutions he was a greater beneficiary to the legions of subscribers who came under the wholesome influence of his paper.

At the age of 78, and within four weeks of his demise, he laid aside the pen that had so carefully guided, and so ably controlled the columns of a great and influential periodical, which makes its visit every week to the remotest parts of the country. The village postmaster and the postman on Thursday always knew that "The Youth's Companion" was one of the punctual facts of the universe. What

DANIEL SHARP FORD, THE LATE PUBLISHER OF "THE YOUTH'S COMPANION"



a treat it was to peep through the window of the village postoffice and see the whole array of glistening "Companions"—and as the "Colonel" used to remark "that paper occupies nearly every pew in my church."

This modest, quiet man was a potent force in national life. He was one man who understood and retained sympathetic understanding of youth, which continued to the man

full-grown and mature. In his close analysis of human nature he clung tenaciously to the fixed ideals of making an entertaining paper which ordinary as well as extraordinary people would appreciate. The "Companion" is the converging point for all classes and all ages of readers, and is a fitting monument to the memory of Daniel Sharp Ford, the Cambridge printer boy who died on Dec. 24, 1899.

ROUND TOP, WHERE MOODY IS BURIED



MOODY'S NORTHFIELD HOME

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

NORTHFIELD lay draped in a snowy mantle. Only the sweet-toned chimes of the church bell disturbed the Sabbath stillness. By the guiding light of the stars little groups of people were making their way through the snow toward the sound of the bell.

On the way to the church I overtook a stranger. As we walked along together I spoke of the subject uppermost in my mind.

"Did you know Moody?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "He was the grandest man I ever saw."

"In what way?"

"In every way. He converted me!"

"Will you tell me how he did it?"

"Certainly. I went to hear him speak out of curiosity at first. After awhile I began to feel troubled in my mind. Then I grew irritated when I fancied that he had singled me out and was talking at me—pointing out my sins and asking me to repent. I didn't like it. I wanted him to leave me alone. I didn't dare to look up

for fear that everyone in the church was looking at me with pity. If I had been near a door, I would have slipped out. I wondered how he had found out all the little mean things I had ever done. Then I began to grow ashamed of myself, and tried not to listen to what he was saying. But he kept right on talking to me. He paid no attention to anybody else there—though I knew some of them were worse than I was—and all the time I was growing more sorry and ashamed. Then all at once he stopped talking and called on everybody to sing. They sang, 'What a Friend I Have in Jesus,' and it seemed to lift me right out of my seat and carry me down the aisle; and I couldn't stop until I was on my knees in front of the platform with the tears running down my face. When Mr. Moody came along and laid his big, firm hand on my shoulder and said, 'God bless you, my brother,' I felt better. I thought if he could call me brother, there was some hope for me. But I

wanted to be sure about it, and I told him how I felt. He took my hand in his and told me that if I felt convicted of my sins and just surrendered completely to the Lord Jesus Christ I would be saved. I asked him how I could feel sure of salvation—what evidence I had. He looked at me for a moment in that gentle way—as only Moody could look. 'Your own soul tells you that,' he said, tenderly and sympathetically. It was a supreme moment of my life and he sealed the new emotion with a strong hand-grasp."

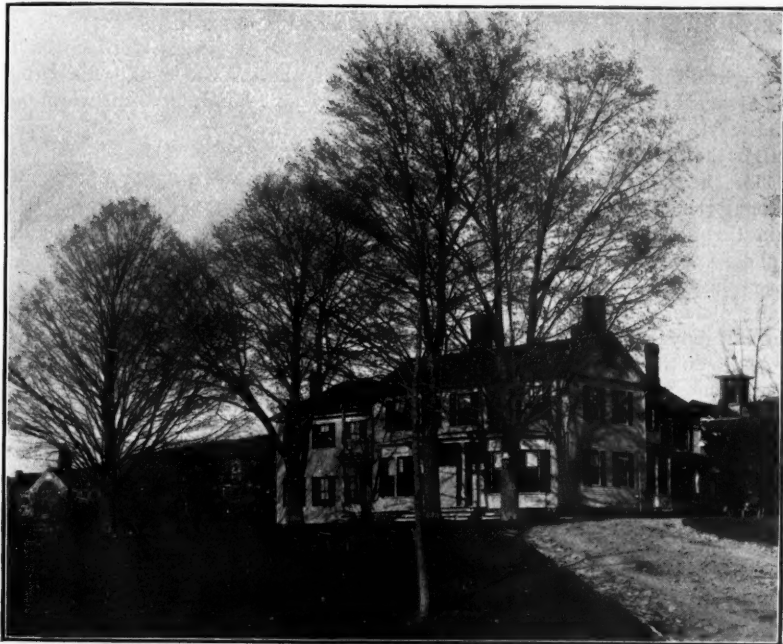
A little later I was seated in the unpretentious country sanctuary from whose unadorned pulpit the most eloquent and scholarly divines of two continents have preached. During the simple evening service, I thought how Mr. Moody had often stood upon

that platform with his dearly loved choir of little children in the gallery above, and swayed the hearts and uplifted the souls of thousands by the power of his simple, sincere eloquence. I thought, too, of how at the last he lay there at rest, with his sorrowing friends about him—and how a single ray of sunshine, falling through the window, shone full upon his face till the quiet lips seemed to smile in heavenly benediction.

* * *

The boys and girls of Mt. Hermon and Northfield Seminary feel that they have lost one who was more than friend or father. One young lady who is studying to be a trained nurse said to me: "When we girls felt sad or lonely or homesick, we would go to Mr. Moody, and in a little while he would make us forget our woes, and we

THE MOODY RESIDENCE IN NORTHFIELD



MOODY'S BIRTHPLACE IN NORTHFIELD



would go away happy and contented. In the summer time, when lessons dragged and we were sighing for the air and sunshine, he would come into the class-room and say, 'I don't want to see any one studying to-day;' and then we would all flock out to Round Top or the woods or fields, or up on the hillsides, and stay there all day with him in our midst, enjoying ourselves, and after that the lessons would be so much easier. He was always so thoughtful in every way. In the fall he always kept a box of apples in the hallway, so that we might help ourselves."

The boys, also, have like stories to tell of his kindness and thoughtful care. How he has been known to rise at four o'clock in order to call boys who had work to do at that hour. Early one morning he glanced from a window and saw a student carrying a heavy bag, starting for the depot—two miles away. Going to the stable, he hurriedly harnessed his horse, drove after the lad, overtook him and carried him to his des-

tinuation. It was his custom in the summer time to gather vegetables from his garden and carry them to the poor people about the village.

At the close of the commencement exercises of the schools he would announce that refreshments were to be served, and invite every one to partake. Then leaving the platform he

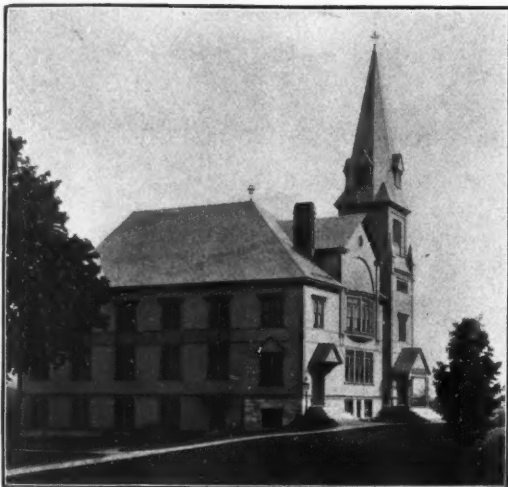
would help the boys and girls in passing about the food.

* * *

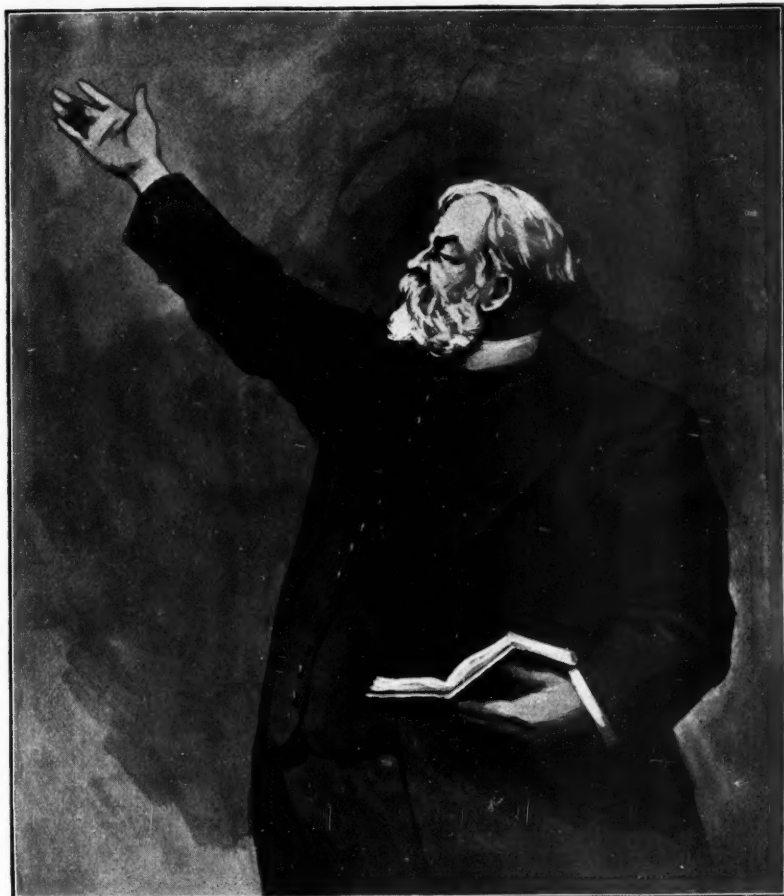
From the time of Mr. Moody's birth on a small farm near Northfield, February 5, 1837, until his eighteenth year, he gave no special promise of being a successful man. The school days were not filled with learning, as he loved the open air too much to give any great attention to his books. His only distinguishing traits were his ready wit and his intense love for his mother.

When his father died, the widow was

WHERE THE FUNERAL SERVICES WERE HELD



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF MOODY WHILE SPEAKING



left with a mortgaged home and nine children. Dwight was then but four years old, and at an early age he went to work. He did whatever he could find to do—farm work and the like—mostly for a small return.

When seventeen years old he went to Boston and took a place in his uncle's store. He attended Sunday school and became a member of the church.

Feeling that his place was in the new fields of the West, he went

to Chicago and became a salesman in a shoe store. Here was shown the first evidence of what he was to do in the future. He became a teacher in a little obscure Sunday school, and gathered his pupils from the streets, ragged, barefooted and unkempt. He paid the rent of four pews and filled them with his class every Sunday.

Next he began work in the slums. He rented a deserted building on the north side in the picturesque locality called "Little Hell." It was habited

A GROUP OF THE SEMINARY BUILDINGS AT NORTHFIELD



by bad women and worse men. Crime in every degraded guise was rampant. It was worse than Five Points in New York, or St. Giles' in London. He won the hearts of the children first, and through them the men and women.

President Lincoln made his only Sunday school address at Mr. Moody's Chicago Sunday school, and sixty of the boys were among the first to volunteer when the President issued his first call for troops.

Mr. Moody was conducting a prayer meeting in a Young Men's Christian Association convention at Indianapolis when Mr. Sankey came into the hall and took part in the singing. "I've been looking for you for eight years; you must come to Chicago with me," said Mr. Moody, when the singing was finished, grasping Mr. Sankey's hand. There were some practical objections to be disposed of, but eventually the matter was settled, and their wonderfully successful tour of Europe followed. More than \$400,000 has been realized from the sale of their gospel hymn-books, all of which has been devoted to church work.

While it was Mr. Moody's evangelistic work which brought his name most prominently before the public, he did not consider this his greatest effort. The schools he has established with

Christianity as the foundation will perpetuate his name.

Mr. Moody placed great stress on the power of music to arouse the soul, and much of his wonderful power over great assemblages is undoubtedly due to this fact. He was not an eloquent speaker in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but his earnestness and persuasiveness were almost unequalled. The listener never thought of Moody, but of what Moody was saying; and his pictures of the love of Christ were certainly not paralleled in rostrum or pulpit results.

Of the hundreds of thousands of dollars given to Mr. Moody outright or in trust, all has gone into the schools or religious work. When he died, December 22, 1899, he was a poor man, as far as this world's goods are concerned, but a soul-saving millionaire.

What John Wesley was to England in the eighteenth century, Dwight L. Moody has been to America in the nineteenth.

He has reached the hearts of thousands who were supremely indifferent to the teachings of the disciples of conventional rite and ritual. The English-speaking world has long since acknowledged him to be a great force, and one making for righteousness and the essentials of religion.

LIBBEY PRISON



From a photograph taken after the fall of Richmond

THE FALL OF RICHMOND

By Ina Capitola Emery

IN the latter part of March, 1865, General Grant held a conference with General Sheridan regarding the final blow to be struck the Confederacy. It had long been obvious that the fate of the Virginian army was a mere question of time, and its surrender involved the evacuation of both Petersburg and Richmond.

Richmond became the centre upon which the interest was concentrated, for it was the hub of the south around which the spokes of the Confederacy revolved. Twenty-two miles away, and separated by the James river, was Petersburg, the source of all supplies and the only direct communication with the South. Here General Lee

was enclosed with a cordon of half a million men, extending around Eastern Virginia and the Carolinas, and capable of being drawn closer and closer about the remaining forces of the Confederacy.

It was General Grant's purpose to interpose between the two Confederate armies, and throwing his army against Lee, compel his surrender. He therefore sent the following message to Sheridan: "I am determined to end the whole matter. We will act as one army and see what can be done with the enemy."

While Grant spent a restless night evolving plans, events were shaping themselves, for before the sun illuminated the eastern sky on March 29, Sheridan, at the head of his magnificent command, rode out from camp bound for Dinwiddie Court House.

This is the first of a series of graphic articles on the Civil War, giving the inside of the heroic struggle of the Confederacy and illustrated from photographs taken at that time

Whoever has crossed the highways of Dinwiddie County, in the melting days of spring, remembers well the black soil, with ponds of black water fringed with green. Wearily the heavily-weighted horses waded knee deep oft-times in the mud and slush, but at sunset hoof-sore horses and weary men reached their destination. Here they encamped, establishing headquarters at Dinwiddie Hotel.

Hotel only in name, however, for it was in a rude and chaotic condition. In the early morning the officers had breakfasted in a farmhouse, where they were charged a dollar a head, but this night they were compelled to wrap their martial cloaks about them and lie down upon the floor supperless, for the commissary wagons were still toiling slowly along the road. Added to the hardly cheerful aspect was the setting in of a rainstorm. Gradually it came; first as a gentle tattoo played on the leaky roof, then unsteady showers, finally bursting in all their fury with the flash of lightning and the reverberant peals of thunder.

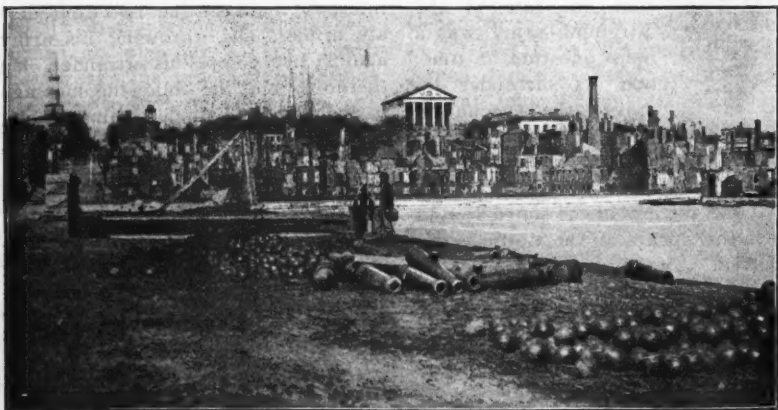
The morning revealed the roads veritable ponds of mud, and the storm had not yet abated. Soon after daybreak,

however, General Sheridan mounted his gray pacer and hurried to the camp of the lieutenant-general to ascertain clearly the proposed plans for "ending the matter."

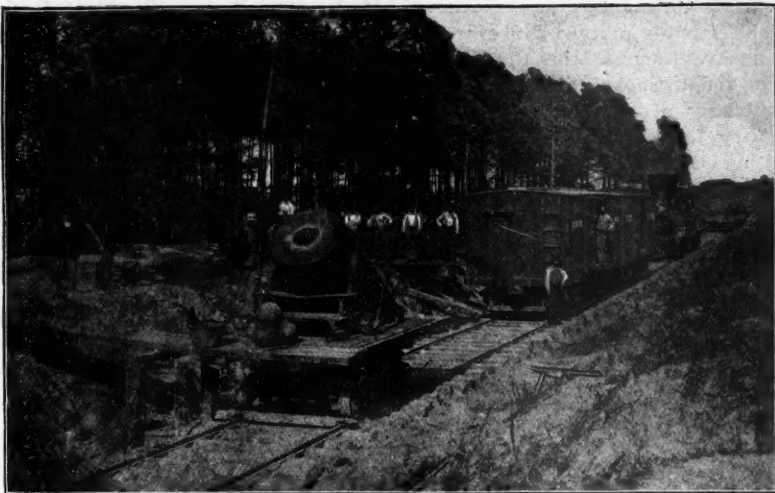
With water dripping from his face and clothes, General Sheridan was ushered into the presence of General Grant. The conference was brief and decisive. It ended in Sheridan's purpose to push on. Springing into his wet saddle he said "good morning" as cheerily as if the elements were smiling; but grave fears had entered his mind as he realized that the troops, just out of comfortable winter quarters, must drag through the cold and mud. His men, however, cheered and encouraged by the example of their dauntless leader, pushed on rapidly.

During the day of the 31st his cavalrymen had a spirited engagement with the grays, who had emerged from along the woods. By nightfall the Confederates were re-inforced, and slowly forced the Union cavalry back toward the Court House. Still Sheridan held on, desperately fighting. The fifth army corps reached the scene early the next morning, and with this reinforcement Sheridan promptly

RUINS OF RICHMOND



GRANT'S RAILROAD BATTERY



hurled his forces upon the enemy entrenched at Five Forks. The battle raged from right to left. The air became dense with smoke. Flying bullets whizzed through space as cinders from a burning building.

Through pools of blood, beside the ghastly dead, and in the midst of bullets everywhere, each side fought with desperation.

"It's the crisis," was the feeling that burned in every breast; and it spurred the wounded to renewed, if sometimes futile, energy; disabled comrades refilled their guns and handed them up to others, though conscious that they would not survive the end, which was close at hand.

In the midst of the heat of the battle General Sheridan came dashing in from the west of the rebel flanks, riding his favorite steed, "Rienzi," plunging wildly in the maddening roar and about the hosts of surging troops. It was over! and the jubilant cry of the victors in blue rang out, and the echoes added to the tumult. The enemy fled, and victory far more significant was in

sight, for the issue of the battle was to break up Lee's army and drive him westward from Petersburg.

Worn out from excitement, General Sheridan stretched on the ground with his saddle as a pillow. At midnight he dispatched an officer to General Grant's headquarters. Three hours later the envoy emerged from the darkness of the woods into the illuminated camp. The staff officers were sitting before the snapping brush fire talking over the good news. Grant was lying on a cot, half listening to the talk. Sheridan's messenger entered immediately and Grant raised himself to hear the report, then gave a verbal order for an attack upon Lee in the morning, meantime ordering a heavy cannonade to be kept up, not knowing what forces might be brought to bear upon them.

The relic of Lee's army, the right wing of the Virginian hosts, was thrown back upon the heights at whose rear flowed the Appomattox. All along the march the railroad tracks had been destroyed. Bonfires from

the burning debris were scattered as fireflies in the night.

The Federals proceeded to entrench themselves across the Confederate lines and to make their way to the north bank of the Appomattox, thus striking Lee's army in the rear and cutting off the last line of retreat. To carry out this the Weldon railroad was cut and the Federals gradually enclosed the garrison at Petersburg.

The cutting off of communication with the South was a grave problem which confronted Lee. His men were half starved and worn out. At best their provisions could not last longer than fourteen days. With the breaking of his lines, Lee fired the bridges across the James, and retreated toward Dinwiddie.

Flushed with the confidence of victory, the Federals called for the sailors, then in harbor, to act as guard to the prisoners who must soon fall into their hands. No sooner did Ewell—who commanded the forces at Richmond—hear the dread foreboding, than he also immediately withdrew. Richmond was now without resources and stood unprotected. Meantime,

all unconscious of the fate of the pride of the Confederacy, President Davis arose at the accustomed hour and prepared for church—that fateful day for Richmond, April 2, 1865. "St. Paul's Church stands next to Capital Square," says a prominent lawyer, "and I was a mere lad looking down from the gallery into the congregation when President Davis entered. He had been seated but a few moments when an orderly, besplashed with mud, came up the aisle. All eyes were turned toward him as he read the message. The President read it through, then quietly took up his hat, and passing down the aisle stopped to speak to James A. Seddon, Secretary of War, and Mr. Stephen A. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, in the Confederacy, who left the church with him. At the door President Davis handed the message to the sexton, who carried it to the clergyman. The latter read it, and with a diplomacy rare under such trying circumstances, calmly announced: 'General Lee's son has been wounded,' and continued his sermon. Anxious faces, however, gave evidences of the fear and apprehension which had

DEVASTATION OF THE TREDEGAR IRON WORKS



RUINS IN THE BUSINESS SECTION



seized the people. Several left the church. The majority, however, remained in their pews. At the close of the service, Dr. Minnegerode announced that Richmond was to be evacuated."

A shriek wild and wailing rent the air; women fainted and were carried out on the lawn surrounding the church. Children clung to their mother's skirts with terror-stricken faces. Crowds stood on the streets, staring about them, dazed, and scarcely realizing the situation.

Such a scene the world has seldom witnessed. Throughout that Sunday heavily-laden wagons rumbled about the city, as they were urgently driven to and fro, carrying away whatever could be taken in safety.

Orders were issued, permitting citizens to take food supplies, as on the morrow everything was to be burned.

Armed citizens, seizing barrels of

whiskey, emptied them into the streets, where wretched beings crouched, drinking or dipping up the liquor to carry away.

In the wild excitement, mobs unsashed windows and burglarized private property. Knocking down children, they trampled them under foot, and their blasphemous curses on "the Yankees" blended with the roar of explosion and the crackling of burning trees. Bales of cotton were set on fire with huge quantities of stored tobacco. Men had fled to escape capture. Bravely the women had strained their eyes as fathers and husbands were lost to sight.

In relating the scenes of the hour, one fair woman of Southern birth says: "I was but seventeen, with a babe in arms, when I saw my house burned to the ground, with all our earthly possessions, save bonds for several thousand dollars. These I

gave my husband, beseeching him to go to my father in the northern part of Virginia. A few hours later our



A souvenir photograph of the Confederacy, published during the later years of the war.

grocer gave me a box of crackers and a barrel of flour, which he urged me to secure, assuring me of the necessity of providing against the famine. Seeing an old colored man, I paid him fifty cents to roll it to a place of safety, but I never saw either again. As the hours wore away, I determined to seek the home of my childhood. Faint and sick at heart I reached there in the early hours of the morning. I found them all up and greatly excited. I spoke to my father softly. He caught me in his arms, gazed at my haggard face, and then, as I told him my story, his eyes grew dim as he exclaimed: 'What, a child of mine asking for bread!' He fell to his chair, stricken with paralysis, and died from the shock a few days later."

The Sabbath had been Bedlam in Richmond and at dusk a great volume

of smoke arose from the south-western part of the city, like a pall over the zenith. The arsenal caught fire in the night, adding its thundering roar to the awfulness of the scene. All night the streets were crowded with citizens wringing their hands and wailing, not knowing what the morn might bring.

Long before sunrise the women had concealed themselves behind darkened shutters to await the coming of the dreaded "Yankeess."

It was in the early hours of the morning that a ragged rebel was brought into the Federal camp, bringing the first news of the evacuation to General George F. Shepley of the army of the James. The enemy had suddenly disappeared early in the morning, and Wight and Parke had found Petersburg evacuated, while a division had been left under General Wilson, but all this was unknown to General Weitzel. When Shepley's mind grasped the situation he determined to notify General Weitzel. Hastening to the camp, he was with difficulty aroused.

"General, Richmond is in our power," shouted Shepley.

"You are dreaming," said General Weitzel, as he rubbed his eyes, only half awake.

But as he arose, he could plainly hear the tramp of Custis Lee's division on the way to Richmond. Still dazed, he turned his eyes to the western sky and was startled at the illumination. He quickly divined the truth—Richmond was in flames. Like wild-fire the news spread through camp, for the conflagration could be seen for miles around.

In the midst of the excitement Lieutenant De Peyster accosted the General, recalling to his mind a promise made months before when the old flag floated over New Orleans. "Entrusting the flag to my care, you

promised, that when Richmond should be captured I should raise the flag over the Confederate Capitol."

"I recall the promise," said General Weitzel, "and grant your request."

As Weitzel marched towards Richmond the illuminated skies looked not unlike a huge Fourth of July celebration, for among the fired buildings was a laboratory, from which issued flames as varied as the hues of the rainbow.

All along the roadside lay canteens, knapsacks and ragged clothing which had been hastily thrown away by the retreating army. As the soldiers neared the city huge volumes of smoke overshadowed it. The earth rattled beneath their feet with the explosion of the magazines. The roaring rattles as of the discharge of musketry was caused by the ignited cartridges in the store-houses. Nearing the flames, the bridges were discovered in ruins and the troops were compelled to cross on pontoons, with hundreds of shells in the air falling as iron spray over the doomed city.

At early dawn a Confederate general in charge of an office near the corner of Seventh and Franklin streets, came with his staff from their quarters, bringing several barrels of paper, which they lighted in the streets. Then springing on their horses, they made for the lower portion of the city. Shortly afterwards a volume of smoke

ascended in the southwest and the fire quickly spread to other parts of the city.

But as the bells solemnly sounded the fall of the Confederacy a hush seemed to prevail. With the knell still echoing in his ears Mayor Mayo sprang into his saddle and rode to meet the advancing Federals. His

GENERAL U. S. GRANT



The negative of this famous picture was broken and has never been published. It was taken just after the fall of Richmond, and was said by those who knew him during the Civil War to be the most characteristic likeness ever printed, and the pose is a habitual position of Grant when in camp.

was the sad duty of making the formal surrender of Richmond. A few hours later the cry resounded from corner to corner: "The Yankees! the Yankees are coming!"

About eight o'clock a mounted Confederate cavalryman in full uniform dashed down Franklin street at full speed. When opposite General Lee's residence, a daughter of that chieftain came out. Beckoning him to the curve, she beseeched him to turn back instantly. He had a message to deliver at the war department, but her entreaties prevailed. Hardly had they disappeared before a troop of Federal soldiers coming up Ninth street turned into Franklin in magnificent array.

The United States flag floated from the Capitol and the Federals at once took measures to save the city. The troops were under strict orders, and protection was given Lee's residence. The line of fire came up to the block in which the family of the fallen chieftain were closeted, crossed to the Presbyterian church, burning it to the ground, but left the block unmolested.

Great difficulties were encountered in combating the fire, as the hose had been cut in pieces and the progress in quenching the flames was necessarily slow. Most of the men had fled, but a few half invalids remained. By the side of a fence stood one gray-haired man, a typical Southerner, of fifty years of age. His look of terror gave way before the calm proceedings of the soldiers, and when they stopped to share their rations with the half-starved citizens, tears gathered in his eyes.

It was a grewsome sight over which the gods might weep, to watch the broken-hearted men and women of Richmond as the soul-stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" mingled with the roar of the constant explosions, while eyes were raised be-

seechingly toward the heavens, on which were reflected the mass of leaping flames. The streets were lined as the soldiers passed down. The darkies were jubilant and from between the heads of the rest of the crowd their faces peered, brimming with the broad grin of extreme satisfaction.

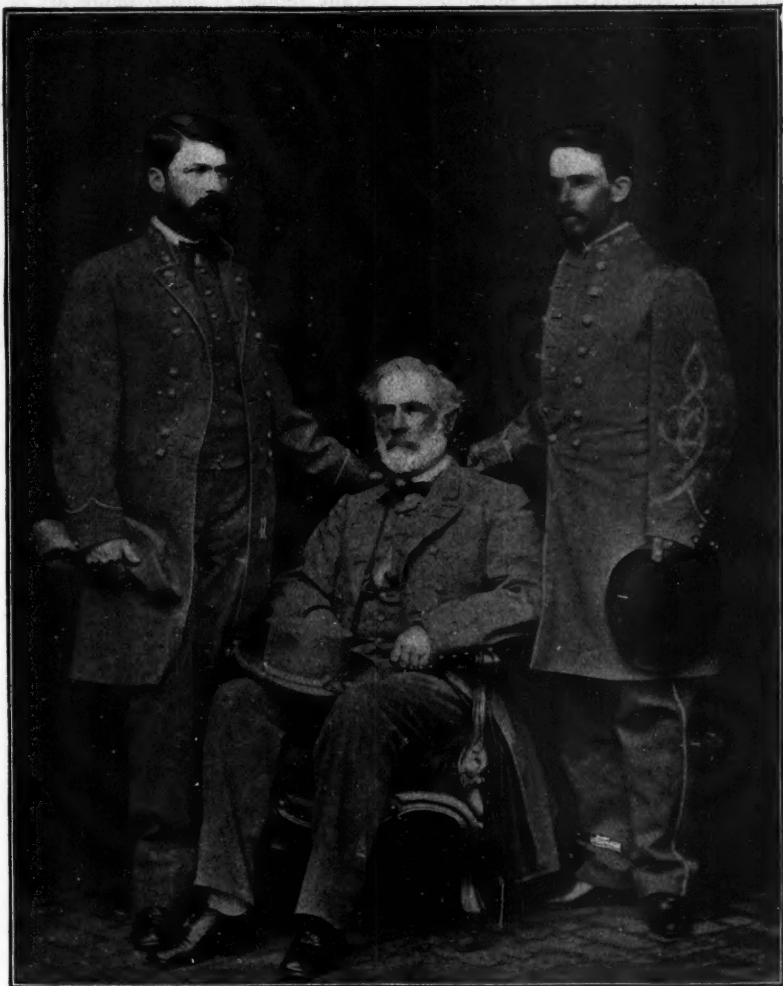
"Where are the Rebs?" asked an officer as he passed a contraband darkie.

"I reckon dey's siftin' souf, sah, sifting souf," and his reckoning proved true. The element strong in the bonded race was revealed in this crisis. While fearful of bodily harm, they did not hesitate to steal, and to make a little something out of the affair only seemed, to their minds, fair play. Thus beside bare tables, unbacked chairs or hoop barrels the darkies arranged ginger pop, lemonade and water stands, and the famished crowd bought readily.

A squad of soldiers hurried to release the prisoners in Libbey, whose sufferings had been related in camp in tales of shuddering horror, but they had been forestalled; for as they approached, an old negro who stood near, grinned from ear to ear, and exclaimed, "Dey's done gon' fer sure. Dey fled when de keepers war scared away by de explosion, an' I reckon dey ain't don' runnin' yet."

As the day advanced fires increased, but before the day was over, were under control. The capital lay in ruins. All the business section was destroyed and the scarred buildings were in keeping with the half-starved, stricken citizens. With the backbone of the South broken, the fate of the Confederacy was assured. General Lee, however, hurried to a place of security to plan to retrieve the fortunes of the cause. Strategist though he was, brilliant leader that he had proved himself, there was but one end. Look

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE



This remarkable photograph was taken only a few weeks prior to the fall of Richmond

which way he would, but one sign—and that inevitable defeat. Carefully he studied every conceivable idea and suggestion, but they only added to his perplexity; none were feasible; all pointed but to the one result—defeat.

Sheridan's troops had conquered, but the surrender had not taken place,

and there was work yet before them. They were ordered off again, and after a zigzag march, closely following Lee's lines, arrived at Farmville. Here everything was bustle and excitement. In the middle of the town was Farmville Hotel, and on the porch General Grant sat composedly smoking. Gen-

eral Sheridan dismounted, and made his report. General Grant responded: "I believe General Lee will soon surrender, for I have written him."

With troubled brow General Lee, in his quarters, read the letter to which General Grant referred. It was as follows:

April 7, 1865.

General: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

*U. S. Grant,
Lieutenant-General.*

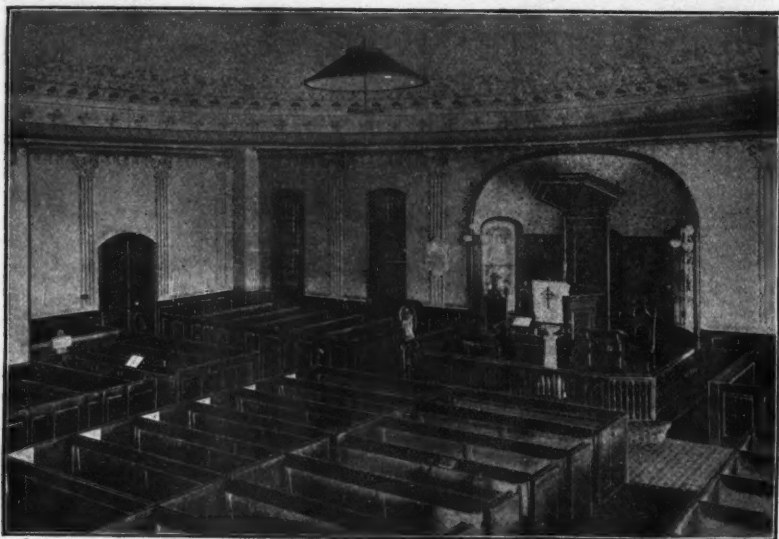
(General R. E. Lee.)

Knowing well that the end was near, Lee realized that further resistance was useless. As he sat on a fallen tree by the campfire, reviewing developments of the week, he wrote Gen-

eral Grant for his terms of surrender. Grant replied: "Peace being my one great object, there is but one condition upon which I would insist; namely, that men and officers surrendered be disqualified from again taking up arms against the United States Government, until properly exchanged."

No sooner was the note sent than hope again sprang up in the Confederate general's heart, and in reply to the note sent by General Grant, Lee wrote:

"In my note of yesterday, I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen for the surrender of this army. But as the restoration of peace is the sole object of all, I desire to know if your proposal will lead to that end. I cannot meet with you for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but will meet you on the old stage road to Richmond to-morrow at ten a. m., between the picket lines of the two armies, to talk over the propo-



Interior of St. John's Church as it appeared at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, showing the pew occupied by Jefferson Davis, when the message was brought to him.

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN AND STAFF

SHERIDAN

FORSTHE

GEN. WESLEY MERRITT

DEVENE

CUSTER



A photograph taken just before the final dash was made by Sheridan

sal effecting the Confederate States forces under my command."

As soon as the message was sent, General Lee started out for the old stage-road, expecting to meet General Grant, but instead he received a note stating: "The meeting proposed for ten a. m. to-day would lead to no good. I am anxious for peace, however, and by the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable end, save thousands of human lives, and save millions of dollars' worth of property not yet destroyed."

General Lee pondered long and anxiously, then wrote: "Not finding you at the meeting place, I now ask an in-

terview, in accordance with the offer made in your letter."

The position was a desperate one, for the net was drawn closely. Sadly anticipating his fate, the brave commander-in-chief of the Confederates changed his simple garb for a new uniform, a military hat, buckskin gloves and riding boots. Then adjusting his sword, which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia, he left Longstreet in command and rode toward the picket line of the Federals, where he received the note appointing the meeting place at Appomattox Court House. At a little past noon General Grant entered the little town of a single street. He was im-

mediately accosted by General Sheridan, who said: "Lee's over there!" pointing to the McLean House. Passing down the street he soon arrived at the comfortable house, now familiar to every reader of history. Entering the spacious grounds he dismounted, and his horse was hitched beside the large gray owned by General Lee. As he reached the porch, which covered the front of the house, General Babcock stepped out and met him. The wide doors of the parlor were swung back and the two valiant commanders stood face to face, and gravely saluted. Seating himself before a small table, Grant paused as Lee took his place near the window with an oval table beside him.

"I met you once before, General Lee; we were serving in the Mexican War. I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

"Yes!" replied General Lee. "I have often recalled that meeting, but memory has failed me in recalling your face."

They then proceeded to the business of the meeting. General Grant soon finished submitting the terms of the surrender, but glancing down at the handsome sword worn by General Lee, he added the clause not requiring the surrender of private property. He then handed it to General Lee, who, carefully adjusting his spectacles, began to read. His features did not relax, but a twinge about the mouth showed his inmost emotion. He acknowledged the terms were more lenient than he had expected. At a few moments past four o'clock he shook hands with General Grant,

bowed to the other officers in the room and left with Colonel Marshall. As he stood on the porch waiting for his horse, he turned his eyes toward the valley below, where lay his army, now Union prisoners. Forgetful of his surroundings he smote his hands together in an absent manner. "Your horse, sir!" said the orderly, arousing him, and he quickly recovered his composure and mounted. Dignified and erect, he raised his hat to General Grant, who was crossing the yard to where his orderly stood with his horse. Then starting down the little village street, he slowly rode back to the fields where his army lay, to bid his men farewell. The shout of welcome which greeted him gradually died out as the object of his visit dawned upon them.

"Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together, I have done my best for you"—and a groan escaped him as he paused. With tears coursing down his manly cheeks, Lee bade the men "return to their homes and become worthy citizens."

With the news of the victorious end of the terrible conflict, cheer after cheer arose from the Union Army, and a responsive chord echoed through the North.

Some days later, General Sheridan had reason to pass through Richmond. The shutters of the Lee residence were closed, but as platoon after platoon passed, they saluted with demonstrations of sword and colors or military evolutions. It was a fitting honor to the brave chieftain in their passage through the heart of his ruined Confederacy.





SIR HENRY IRVING

By Flynn Wayne



"HERE'S to our enterprise," spake Sir Henry Irving to us before a recent performance of "Robespierre." These lines had the same ring as when spoken by the young actor in his first appearance on the stage, as the Duke of Orleans in "Richelieu," a third of a century ago at an English provincial theater.

"Yes, those were the lines," repeated Sir Henry, reminiscently, in an aside. That utterance is a key to the career of the greatest English speaking actor of to-day. Always hopeful, always aiming high, always sincere and genuine, and a conqueror over the obstacles and discouragements of his life, Sir Henry has indeed expressed in his career the application of the sentiment with which he had christened the new name before the footlights.

The young clerk's passion for plays and poetry had conquered. The anxious mother's entreaties were in vain. John Henry Broadrib had consecrated his life that night to the world as Henry "Irving" in honor of an American writer, and evolving to his middle name in true literary fashion he began a notable struggle. It was at Sadler's Wells in London, that young Broadrib, the quiet boy from the barren hills of Cornwall, tasted forbidden fruits, witnessing his first play in a theatre. It was Hamlet that occupied the boy's image of stageland, and that incident gave birth to another great apostle of Shakespeare. From that time only the plays of the bard of Avon attracted him as a theatre-goer, and Hamlet remains his favorite role. His associates thought he had gone daft when a few years later he announced his determination of actually

playing Hamlet in an original way.

"Yes, I played 428 separate parts, to be quite exact, in that three years at Edinburgh, after the good old days

IRVING AS DIGBY GRANT (Act I.)

The role in which he won his first success



at Manchester, and that would be something of a task even to-day, I fancy," continued the actor, watching with a side glance in the meantime what was going on in preparation for the great play.

Sir Henry Irving seemed quite at home on an American stage, and it is not difficult to discover the reason — in his close associations with Booth, Barrett and other American actors.

"Your own Charlotte Cushman gave me an important suggestion in my early days. When playing in 'Meg Merrilies' with her, I handed out the bag of broken crockery to represent gold. She was to throw it to the ground contemptuously, but she insisted that instead of giving out bags of gold to beggars, the money should be given in separate pieces." Early

in his career he dreamed of an American tour, and with it came "Meg Merrilies" and her bags of real gold. Associated with this apostle of realism on the stage; first tasting success under the management of Col. Bateman, an American; is it any wonder he seems to belong as much to us as to England?

In all great careers, there is always some man who appears at the right time to stiffen the vertebra of the discouraged young aspirant. It was Hoskins who saved Irving for us, according to the autobiographical hints that occurred during the conversation.

"Yes, I have known what it was to be poor and discouraged, and my old friend used to say, 'Well, old fellow, the day will come when you will have more than a sixpence in your pocket.'"

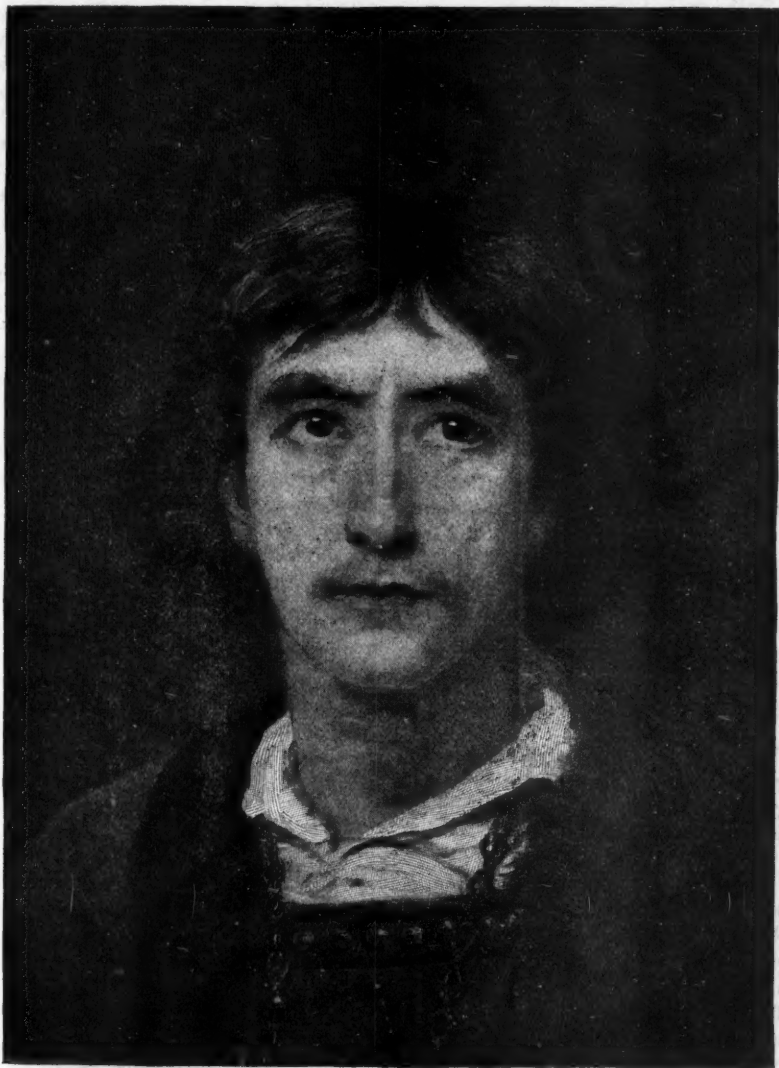
The story which Mr. Irving tells of the suit of warm underclothing given him by Joe Robbins on a cold Christmas to keep him from actual suffering,

IRVING AS MACBETH



is a gem in stage annals, and reveals something of the extent of his experiences and early struggles in winning fame.

IRVING AS HAMLET—HIS FAVORITE ROLE



Irving's future was early predicted by Charles Dickens when he saw him as Digby Grant, and it is the close and appreciative interest taken in him by the famous literary minds of his day, that has kept Irving in such close

touch with the writers of English literature.

Tennyson was not satisfied with his poetical laurels alone, and it was Irving's creation of King Philip that won the heart of the laureate, who longed

to illuminate his work in the fascinating glow of the theatre. James McNeil Whistler's painting of Irving in

IRVING AS DUBOSCO



this part was a rare tribute from a gifted American artist, which won grateful appreciation from the English actor.

To listen to Irving's personal reminiscences of Tennyson, Dickens, Charles Reade, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and other eminent literary folk, with whom he has associated, is indeed entertaining. To think of this quiet, undersized man as the giant of tragedy indeed emphasizes the proportions of his personality. He has wedded the stage and literature in his career, as no other actor has done, and the ideals of his youth remain to glorify the fame and achievement of the successful actor. The gentle, sincere manliness of the man is what impressed me most in Sir

Henry Irving. In the "Vicar of Wakefield," he is loveable beyond compare, and in the characters of Shylock and Robespierre he awakes sympathetic human interest, even if all edicts of history must be defied.

In an adaptation from Dickens' "Little Dorrit" he gained favor with the novelist, and first found his great success in comedy parts. He does not often refer to this, but through a comedy role, and as a comedian, Irving won popular favor and his opportunity for triumphs in tragedy. Just past the milestone of three-score years, he is in the zenith of a career as notable as any of the closing century.

The centre of interest in the realm of dramatic production for the past year has been Sir Henry Irving's "Robespierre." It is more than a theatrical production; it is a creation in literature, and a pictorial biography

IRVING AS EUGENE ARAM



which, while far from accurate in detail, has the action and the atmosphere of those dark days in France. After all, it is not the mere accuracy of inci-

dent, but the passion and the subtle emotions of the times which chiefly fascinate us in reviewing an historical

IRVING AS BENEDICK



epoch. It requires human blood, as a rule, to create human interest.

It was Robespierre, the crafty ruler of France, that I saw during the play, but when the curtain had closed on the final act, the genius of the actor was emphasized with accumulative force.

What a treat it was to see Irving in the shadow of the wings behind the scenes, in the full tide of his fame, and absorbed in his art. That serious, earnest face never lost its look of concentration in the lines and action which held the audience captive before the footlights. As well expect the Sphinx to speak as Irving to talk behind the scenes during one of his plays. He is always an actor, off or on the stage. He acts, and in very part, whether it be Sir Henry Irving or Robespierre, there is a distinct individuality; and when he forgets to drag his leg in the Irving walk, and ha! ha!

in those familiar nasal passages—in fact, when Irving's mannerisms are banished, the actor masters the situation.

Two hours of "Robespierre" were a vivid, albeit unconventional picture of the period covered. This play is considered the crowning production of his life, and he refers to it as the summation of a great purpose.

In a way, Irving suggests a great theatrical editor. His selection of plays, alternating classic and romantic, always elevating and ennobling, indicate that it is the intelligence of the man rather than the genius of the actor, that has given him undisputed and world-wide prominence in stagecraft.

"I had a young boy friend take tea with me to study him (as he ate bread and jam) for a juvenile part." And this is indeed a key to the thoroughness with which he masters details of costume, expression and gesture.

IRVING AS SHYLOCK



There is something of a suggestion of Irving's famous revival of Henry VIII. in "Robespierre." He defies the

historian's data, and wins a sympathetic interest for Cardinal Wolsey, as for Robespierre, and charms the eye

IRVING AS LOUIS XI.



with impressive glimpses of history, as well as the ear with Shakespeare's diction, emphasizing that Shakespeare must be acted as well as read, to be fully appreciated and comprehended. This is the chief reason why many of the orthodox clergy found themselves in hot water with church regulators for attending a theatre to see a Shakespeare play, and Irving is largely responsible for it. There is always a popular interest in a new Irving production or revival that fills the newspapers. A man sent to Rome to study a cardinal's coat; archives searched for detail of scene or costume. All the gorgeous array and picturesque massing of lavish enterprise finds a response from the people of to-day in almost any business or artistic venture if backed by definite, intelligent and persistent conception.

The boy who won laurels in reading in Dr. Pinch's school of elocution, has retained the sincerity which evoked the prediction of his future success as an actor. He has developed that sagacity which enters very largely into every business success, and his strong executive ability, which is especially noticeable behind the scenes, between the acts, when every movement has the precision of clock work, as if Irving held a stop watch in his hand to see that every detail had moved in its proper place on the dot.

"Another six years, and I will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of my appearance on the stage, and have nearly reached the three-score and ten. When I first saw my name on the

IRVING AS DIGBY GRANT (Act II.)



playbill in small, but very pointed and positive black type, what a thrill came over me. Yes, then it was, I read that name—"Irving" over and over to make

quite sure that I was not dreaming. The first prejudices against the stage I had to conquer were those of my own family, but mother's heart was won."

The career of Henry Irving is an inspiration to a young man in any trade or profession. Early failures and struggles enter largely into the success in all life undertakings. His story of a "reading" which he gave with a friend during "preaching week" or vacation time, at Linlithgow, Scotland, which, although widely advertised, did not attract even a single auditor, has the flavor of vitalizing experience. That gorgeous failure in youth gave ambition a deeper root than any ephemeral success could possibly have stimulated. His brave and courageous fight in exposing the Davenport brothers' seances, is as conspicuous a part in real life as he ever carried in a play.

Born near Glastonbury, where the staff of Joseph of Armathea blooms,

the sturdy spirit of Cornwall has served him well. The ghost stories on which he was nourished by the old dame who had seen a century of summers, appear to have had an influence upon his life, for there is scarcely a favorite play of Irving's without ghosts.

When he spoke of the lonely days of his early childhood in bleak and barren Cornwall, the picture was so vivid that one could see the scenic background. Born plain John Henry Broadrib, he has been an influence in his art that gives particular distinction to the name which he truly "made" for himself and which is more illustrious than any titled baronetcy can illuminate. And when I ventured to address him as "Sir Henry," there was an outspoken protest which indicated that "Mr. Irving" was more to his liking. And with a "good night, Mr. Irving" we left the English Knight of the stage.

EVENINGS WITH BOOTH AS HAMLET, LEAR AND BERTUCCIO

With thobbing hearts and bated breath we heard
Booth's wondrous voice interpret Shakespeare's word;

With Lear we shivered in the rain and hail,
With tearful eyes and cheeks grown ashen pale,
We listened to the tale of bitter woe
Or viewed his grief's oppressive, wordless show,
While, "sharper than a serpent's tooth," indeed,
Was felt ingratitude in hour of need.
Saw the poor mad one with the straws at play,
Still "every inch a king," as on the day
When on his throne he sat in regal state,
Ere children false and sharp, relentless fate
Had robbed of all save dear Cordelia's love,
Fond, gentle, pure and true, all guile above.
Transcendent power was his to touch the heart
With genius high in histrionic art;
Now as Prince Hamlet striding o'er the stage,
Filled with a son's embosomed scorn and rage;
Or, musing on life, death and future state,

For which we all with earnest questions wait;
Then, in "The Fool's Revenge," with equal
power,

Moving to smiles or tears, as was the hour;
Depicting father-love or jester's pranks,—
A very Yorick there, with quips and cranks;
With rhythmic movement, supple, weird and
strange,

From flippant talk so deftly did he change
To passion deep and strong of bitter hate,
'Gainst the base man who wrought him evil
fate;

The tender, soft caress, the father-kiss,
The sad remembrance of departed bliss—
All, all we felt; with him we suffered wrong,
With him we trembled for the daughter strong,
With him we died; ah, who can tell the power
Of our great actor in that last sad hour?
So filled his genius our dull evening sky
And turned life's gloaming to its noontide high.

Maria S. Porter



By Octave Thanet

"O F course I may be meeting trouble half way," said Mrs. Merwin, "but I didn't think I ought to let things go on without telling you."

"Certainly not," said young Ralph Endicott, with emphasis. Mrs. Merwin sighed a gentle, almost imperceptible sigh. Having warned Ralph, the only son and man of the family (Mrs. Endicott, his mother, was a widow) she felt the responsibility of the situation slip from her shoulders, and her sympathies veered to the other side, as a see-saw board springs back when a weight is removed. It was almost as if the matter were happily concluded; only she was sorry for Cecil Endicott, who was so much nicer than Ralph. She lifted her pretty pink and white face from the beautiful old Spode teacups and smiled at the young man; but he did not smile back. His was a serious nature; they had called him "the bishop" at Harvard (thereby doing injustice to many genial gentlemen); and it had been a wonderful occasion when he was initiated into the Dickey. Moreover, he appreciated the solemn responsibility of being an Endicott. And his perplexities were just beginning.

"I can't comprehend it," he muttered, nervously, stroking his smoothly-shaven cheeks, "Cecil is the last girl in the world to forget herself; and this fellow is such a

blatant sort."

"I shouldn't call him that," said Mrs. Merwin, "he is very likeable, generous, public spirited; of course he hasn't any frills; but he knows how to talk in rather an amusing way. And it does take talent to make three million dollars in a perfectly honest way, before a man's forty. Will says all the men respect him—"

"They must take him on his own estimate," interrupted Endicott; "I met him once, he was bragging and blustering. He had some fellows in his private car, some of our fellows; it was when I was on the glee club. He gave them luncheon on the car, and they were making a great fuss over him. It was nauseous!"

Mrs. Merwin had her own little vein of shrewdness; and it did occur to her that possibly Endicott had resented the Westerner's lack of notice of him, and had criticised him the more because the other boys had admired his state and lavishness.

"He has vanity," said she, reflectively, but it is rather innocent, you might almost call it touching. And I ought to be fair with you. While his ancestry and antecedents are not a bit picturesque, they are perfectly respectable. They are both dead. So they can't bother you. He has been fairly well educated; he's fond of pictures—"

"Yes; he was telling us about a French fellow called Carrot," interrupted Endicott, grimly.

"Then you know your sister has had glimpses of him in the best light. The first time she met him she was on a coach with Johnny Reed's four-in-hand; Johnny is a dear fellow, but he can't drive, and the four-in-hand weren't in hand at all. I rather think they all would have been tipped out on a horrid curve of a hill, if Hull hadn't run along the kind of hanging board there is, you know, and climbed up and taken the reins."

"Pretty cheeky thing to take the reins out of another fellow's hands, don't you think?"

"I don't think anybody, even Johnny, thought anything except that they were going to be killed, and maybe he could save them. Well, he did!"

"And Cecil thought he was doing something immense, I presume."

"She thought he was brave and strong. Then he took her to see his factories—that would likely give her a good impression of him. There are so many men, and they like him—he has done a lot for his workingmen."

Young Endicott grunted, "I always supposed Cecil had sense."

"So she has, plenty. Ralph, Silas Hull is a man any woman could be proud of. I'm sure I don't know what Will" (Will was Mr. Merwin) "will say to me, if he ever finds out I've done anything to interfere; he thinks Mr. Hull is a credit to the century." She laughed, but Endicott frowned.

"Has anything really definite passed between them?" he asked.

"I think not. I half fancy that he said something yesterday; but I am sure she didn't accept him. Probably she didn't reject him, either. Maybe there isn't anything in it at all. Have another cup, Ralph?"

"My mother could not bear it," young Endicott pursued his own gloomy way, heedless of comfort; "he is the type of man that she detests—rich, purse-proud, vulgar."

"He isn't vulgar, I assure you. He is—nice!"

"A boor among women can't be nice."

Mrs. Merwin almost knocked off a cup in her energetic motion, forgetting all the repose of manner which she had been at vast pains during the last five years, to acquire. "That is just what he is n't, Ralph, nor Westerners generally; they have twenty times the real respect for women, the real delicate thoughts of them that your elegant club men who make fine bows and say pretty things and then go off and tell perfectly horrid stories—"

"You don't mean that he is a prig, too."

"Not nearly so much as most of the Harvard men I know," snapped Mrs. Merwin.

"Do you mean to desert us and let Cecil disgrace us by such a mesalliance?" demanded Endicott, awakening from his reverie. "I did n't think that of you, cousin Margaret."

The title softened Mrs. Merwin, she

thought of the grandmother who had been an Endicott, she thought of Ralph's mother who was going to propose her, Margaret Merwin, as a Colonial dame, she thought of the social prestige that she might thus acquire and of how Mrs. Torran, the rival leader of the society of the little Western city, would be abandoned, and she began to pity the Endicotts. "Of course I'm not," said she indignantly, "why should I tell you anything about it if I did n't sympathise with you?"

"Thank you," said Ralph, seriously, then he added, "I've been thinking, while we talked, of a way out. Yes, I think I see how we can awaken Cecil."

"How?"

"What we need to do is to give her our point of view, is n't it?"

Ralph felt that this was a clever man of the world's handling of the question. He was barely twenty-three, and it was his ambition to be man-of-the-worldly.

"I daresay," Mrs. Merwin acquiesced, vaguely.

"My notion is to have her see him the way he will appear in society — have her mortified by his gaucheries precisely as she would be were she engaged to him — I — I can't think of her married to him!" cried the boy, flushing. "I want her to hear people laughing at him. Cecil could n't be fond of anybody who was ridiculous."

"But he is n't ridiculous."

"Then we must make him ridiculous. See? He is a bumptious, loathsome cad, and we must show him up. Now, cousin Margaret, listen; how would this work?" He lowered his voice and Mrs. Merwin listened, but under a kind of protest.

"Well, if she is willing to give up her young man for such a trifle as that," she commented indignantly, "I think she is not worthy of him!"

"It is not a trifle; it is — a — a — an

index of his social culture," retorted Ralph. "It will show pretense as well as ignorance. Show he is not a gentleman, in fact. And whether this is a trifle or not, it is n't a trifle to me to have my sister thinking of marrying a man who is n't a gentleman."

"I suppose you would n't call him a gentleman, and yet, frankly, I don't want to do it. How can I, anyhow? We must just take our chances—"

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted the young man with an approach to eagerness; "don't you see he is so anxious to please Cecil he will be willing to wear anything, all you need to do is to talk about the importance of full dress at evening functions, and he will tumble into the snare—"

"But this is n't an evening function—"

"That does n't matter, he'll think it is — this is awfully good tea, Mrs. Merwin, where do you get it, it's a mixture, is n't it? Have a nice drive, Cissy?"

Mrs. Merwin composed her features to smile upon the young girl who had just entered the room. She was rather tall, rather fair, rather slim and extremely pretty. Her aquiline nose and short upper lip pleased the Endicotts because they repeated the features of an ancestress important enough to have Copley image her proud and tranquil beauty.

"What are Ralph and you plotting?" said the girl gaily.

"We are not plotting, we are being philosophical and — critical. Ralph is criticising the West."

"The West can bear it, I fancy," said Cecil. With this little feminine scratch, she passed out; and Ralph looked fondly after her stiff skirts.

About this same hour, the object of Endicott's scheme sat in his private office and smiled, very well pleased, as the door creaked behind a retreating

visitor. The man who had pleased the fastidious Miss Endicott was not handsome; but he had a fine muscular figure, not shown to the best advantage by his position, the heels being level with his eyes. He wore a pink silk shirt and a grey suit, which fitted him perfectly. He was only forty years old but already his thick hair had worn away at the temples and was sprinkled with gray. His eyes were keen and had the glint of blue steel, and the smiling mouth could close like a trap. He wore no hair on his face which was round and of an incongruous youthfulness, the cause for which possibly lay in the very fair skin and the abundant freckles.

"Clear game of bluff," he muttered; "really, I could not have persuaded that young duffer that the land wasn't worth half what he was offering, and that he was simply being led around by the nose by the land agent. He would have told me I didn't know the value of land in my own town, and that though there were no writings, he was bound in honor to pay; so it was just as well to tackle Harmer and squeeze him—Lord! won't he think Harmer amazingly decent! How the fellow did squirm! but he didn't know how many kinds of a fool a young fellow who thinks he knows it all can be, and he thought I could scare Endicott off his bargain in time. Well, I've saved his money this time. Wonder what hole he'll pitch it into next? Is his mother like that? *She* isn't!"

His firm lips curved into a tender smile, the keen eyes grew gentle. Then he sighed: "If I let myself go I shall want that girl more than I ever wanted anything in my life," he muttered, fiercely, "and she doesn't want me! Well, why should she? I ain't her kind! But if I go on, I shall be thinking that I've got to make her like me; and then I'll be giving my-

self up to nobody knows what kind of misery and foolishness. No, she's a lady, God bless her! and she gave me a hint that was plain enough that she didn't feel anything more than friendly to me—she did it the nicest way, too. No, better give it up now, Si, before you're hit harder; it isn't a mortal wound now, though it hurts like fury." He jumped up and began to walk restlessly up and down the narrow room. "I wouldn't take them driving to-morrow if I hadn't promised. Well, I have promised and that ends it." He flung out both his clenched fists, snarling at himself: "Oh, you chump! You are glad you promised; you are hankering to see her just once again. You are for all the world like a fellow that has sworn off and takes one last drink. I'd like to pull you out of my skin and lick you!"

Nevertheless, he took the ladies to drive, looking at his beach wagon with a critical eye and wondering what they were using East, and if he ought to have had yellow wheels. And because he had promised he came to Mrs. Merwin's tea.

In the morning he sent a great box of American Beauties to each of the ladies. Ralph, making himself useful everywhere, as a critic, fished the card out of the first box. It was evidently a florist's card, on the back of which Hull had simply written his name, Silas F. Hull. Ralph held it up between his thumb and forefinger; his face was unusually animated. "Who's your friend?" said he.

Cecil flushed. "A gentleman who lives here," said she.

"He spends his money free,
He's awful good to me!
Better'n you ever tried to be!
All coons look alike to me,"

Ralph hummed, very much out of tune. Cecil's countenance changed; but not a word did she say.

"The poison begins to work," thought Mrs. Merwin. And somehow she was not pleased with her own share in the plot.

She was less pleased that afternoon when Silas appeared. Half-a-dozen faultlessly clad men, in long frock coats, were hovering near Miss Endicott, and Ralph's glance gave them the cue to look up; but they had, most of them, either too good an opinion of Hull, or they had too much worldly wisdom to show any amusement. Hull was in full evening dress (a suit which must have been freshly ironed), immaculately correct linen and diamond studs: he had even pushed his hands into a pair of light gloves, and he looked as unhappy as a man can look. But at Mrs. Merwin's smile he brightened. "You see I obeyed orders," he murmured. "I said I would, if it took a leg."

"Ah, you misunderstood me," stammered Mrs. Merwin, in dread lest Cecil should overhear. Cecil, however, seemed to be busy with another man. She merely smiled in answer to Hull's greeting, and added a word of thanks for the flowers; but later she went in search of him. He stood alone, in a quiet corner, peeling off his gloves. He looked so stern, so unlike the bashful and smiling admirer that she knew, that her resolution was dashed. She hesitated, half in mind to glide away, half afraid of this new side of a character that she had deemed herself to understand. While she stood parleying with her own intentions, she was aware of two girls passing who exchanged glances out of the tails of their eyes, each glance including the picture of Hull; and one whispered to the other a sentence of which Cecil caught only the words, "trying to be a swell." Her eyes flashed. Instantly she crossed over to Hull, who turned. Apparently his ears were as keen as

hers, for he was red up to the roots of his hair. "You know I didn't do it for that," said he, speaking quietly and quite firmly.

"Of course I know it," said Cecil; somehow she couldn't think of anything else.

"I wanted to show your friend and you all the—the respect I could. I ought to have known better; but you must have discovered that I don't know anything about these things; I appear like a fool when I try to be a society man."

"No you don't!" cried she.

"You never appear like—that, you couldn't."

"Thank you," he answered, gratefully, in spite of himself there was a quick tremor of mortification in his deep voice, "but I can see how it looks. I will go. Ought I to say good-by to Mrs. Merwin?"

"It was she made you come here," cried Cecil; "of course you will not complain of her! Oh, I think it was a cruel thing—"

"No," said Hull, "she didn't tell me to wear this; I misunderstood what she said, it was my own blunderheaded—"

"You are not blunderheaded! You are—"

"I am?" said Hull in quite a different tone, looking at her with a sparkle in his eye.

"You are a brave gentleman," said Cecil demurely, "and you will stay here and let these foolish people see that you don't mind."

There was a little space about them and by sinking their voices no one could hear their words. Hull turned his face away towards the window, only she could see those commonplace features transfigured by intense emotion.

"I am the man who loves you—awfully; and maybe I'm not a gentle-

man; but I am a man," said he quietly.

She did not answer; she looked out of the window, too.

"I—I tried to say something to you the other day; and I understood your answer. I did not intend to—to presume on your kindness. But I couldn't help wanting to see you once more. And—maybe I'm a fool; but I did want to—to look as well as I could, so you'd have a sort of pleasant memory of me; and it has cut me to the heart, I confess it, to have made a fool of myself the last time"—he choked a little, and she, still looking out of the window, said "Why should it be the last time?"

Mrs. Merwin did not enjoy her afternoon. It was a brilliant function, the toilets were beautiful, the din of conversation was even louder than usual; she was overwhelmed with compliments; but she was not in the least happy.

She saw Hull's coat tails flitting here and there and Hull himself seeking out all the plainest girls in the room. She perceived that his expression had quite changed; but what the change meant she could not understand. More than once she overheard some man rallying Hull on his "splendor"; and once she caught Hull's reply.

"Well, yes, I rather did miss it; but a fellow always has to play a while, before he learns the rules of the game, you know."

She grew very cross with her ally, who was more than ordinarily attentive to Hull; she suspected that he was trying to "draw" him; if so the attempt was not a shining success, Hull being quite good natured but more than ordinarily subdued.

The last guest had vanished, and Mrs. Merwin had sunk into a chair when Cecil approached her with Ralph. Merwin could be heard in the dining room, laughing with Hull.

"Mr. Hull seems to be enjoying himself," said Mrs. Merwin. She looked from Ralph, who was scowling, to Cecil, who was smiling. It was a smile with humor, but without geniality. She spoke in answer, not Ralph.

"I trust that he is having a pleasant time," said Cecil; "I have just told Ralph that I have promised to marry him. It was really a fortunate circumstance for me that he came in this absurd toilet to-day. I nearly made a great mistake. A few days ago Mr. Hull said something to me which made me understand that he—he cared a great deal for me. I knew"—her handsome head lifted itself a little higher, and her grey eyes opened more widely—"I knew that he was a noble man. I was proud, proud of his friendship; but he is not exactly like the men whom I have known and I was afraid that we might not be happy together with such different views of life and such a different education. I feared that my mother—and my brother might be shocked by wretched little surface blemishes of speech and manners; and I was so weak, so cowardly, so idiotically ignorant that I answered him in such a way he believed that it was useless to say anything more. Then I was miserable; but I wouldn't change my mind. I hadn't the courage. I didn't understand my own feelings. But to-day I saw him exposed to the ridicule of silly people who aren't fit to black his boots; when I saw him in this false and humiliating position, and saw how he carried himself, I knew that I didn't care a row of pins about his clothes, or his wearing his hat on the back of his head, or his being so friendly with every one, or anything except him, himself; and he saw that I knew it. So—we are both very happy!"

AN AMERICAN IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL

By Barbara Galpin

ONE of the most interesting experiences in all of my wanderings in many countries came through serious and sudden trouble in London. Strangers in a strange land, one of my friends became ill, and after hours of anxious watching, help had to be summoned, but where from and how? "Telegraph to the matron of the London hospital; she will send you just the right person," said the dignified young physician.

In an hour a light knock on my door was heard. I opened it, and saw a quiet, reserved young woman, whose very way of stepping into the room inspired confidence.

"I am the nurse you sent for, madam," and again I heard the fresh, charming English voice, which is ever my admiration and my despair.

NURSE SMYTHE



Without any noise or hesitation she proceeded to remove her wraps, and I saw that she wore a gray and white striped cotton gown, a long, white apron, half sleeves of white, over which fell the full elbow sleeves of gray, a pretty white Normandy cap, and she was ready for work. Never shall I forget her, as she stood before me and said: "I am ready, madam."

She was so self-reliant, so cool-headed, so composed, that I trusted her implicitly; and afterward, when weary days were followed by hopeless nights, she was always the same strong helper and quiet, restful woman.

I had occasion to meet several of her fellow-workers within a short time, and was invited by them to visit the hospital and go through its many wards, its special departments, and its gardens.

I was anxious to see the woman who could manage such an institution and stand in such loving relation with her subordinates. "Matron is the best woman in London," said one nurse.

When one realizes what an army of women are connected with the institution, it is wonderful that the matron can keep in touch with them all.

When the time arrived for my visit to the London hospital—the largest in Great Britain, and probably the largest in the world—we took a hansom, Nurse Smythe and I, down through Cheapside, and into that section of London which has become known the world over as Whitechapel. Down here, in the poorest part of the city, where poverty and crime jostle each other, and where life is not worth the toss of a ha'penny after the evening

THE MATRON OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL



shadows fall upon the crime-stained streets, is the great charitable institution—the London hospital.

"You will like to see the children's ward, I am sure," said Nurse Hemming. And after leaving cards at Matron Luckes' office we went through the long corridor, passing several patients so ill that they could scarcely raise their hands, yet they were being taken out into the gardens in rolling couches to get a breath of air in the open sunshine. You can hardly understand how much I wanted to see the matron, but when I was told of her

busy life, how every minute of the day and far into the night was full of urgent business, and only those connected with the institution were fortunate enough to meet her except on rare occasions, I tried to pocket my disappointment gracefully and be content. Dame Circumstance was kind to me, however, for soon a sister came to me and said, "Pardon me, but Matron would be pleased to see you, if you would like to meet her. She has an engagement in ten minutes, but she would like to see you for the little time that she has."

IN THE "MELLISH" WARD



A green baize door opens into the entrance office, as the matron touches a spring in her apartment. No bell is heard, no sound is made, but when this door quietly opens, apparently without touch from anyone, a sister in attendance hastens into the office.

How can I describe justly this noble woman, who for nineteen years has presided over this great establishment in the slums of London? One of her nurses said to me, "She is the one woman in London that all the poor love, and she deserves it," and as I felt her warm, strong hand-clasp, looked into her bright, earnest face, caught the expression of her keen, quick-seeing eyes, I felt sure that the little Yorkshire nurse was a good judge of human nature.

A touching thing is the way in which the nurses speak of Miss Luckes. They rarely say "the matron"; it is "matron says" so and so, and as they speak it "matron" seems only another word for "mother."

One would not believe to look into her face that the shadow of care or trouble had ever rested upon her, but when she told me of the pitiful cases coming under her direction every hour, of the hundreds of poverty-stricken patients in the hospital, of the great need of funds to relieve all the distress and wretchedness, such a look of solemnity, of tenderness, of responsibility flashed into her face that I felt that for once, at least, the right woman was in the right place. Her command of the most minute details of the

institution, and of the inner lives of those connected with it, is wonderful.

Matron Luckes is a short, stout woman, with the kindest eyes and sweetest voice imaginable. Not for a second do you doubt her ability, her rare good judgment, her tender womanly nature.

As we chatted about hospitals and their work in England and in America, she said, "We had 756 patients in the waiting room yesterday, and 863 to-day. You see we are busy."

Since the hospital was founded in 1740, 4,307,373 patients have been treated.

This hospital is the only large general one for the whole east end of London, and it is supported entirely by

voluntary subscriptions. Last year it received five thousand pounds from the Prince of Wales hospital fund, an outgrowth of the jubilee year.

This Prince of Wales hospital fund is interesting. During the jubilee year many things were considered as fitting memorials to commemorate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, and it was at last decided to refer the matter to the Prince of Wales, who carefully considered the plans submitted—a solid gold statue of the good Queen, a memorial building, arches, and the like—and finally gave as his opinion that a permanent fund for assisting in the maintenance of the hospitals in London would be a fitting memorial. Annual subscriptions of one shilling

EXERCISE IN THE GARDENS



and upwards were solicited from all classes, and now the fund is in a flourishing condition. The Prince of Wales is the president of the organization.

The Queen's ward in the London hospital, named by Her Majesty in March, 1876, is the surgical ward for children. Here is one of the brightest, sunniest children's rooms in all of London; here, also, the greatest agony is endured by little ones, who are most tenderly cared for by patient, well-trained nurses. All about the walls are pictures which help to entertain the convalescent ones, while through the aisles and in the corners are all sorts of attractions—birds in cages that sing when wound up, cats that mew, and dogs that bark when manipulated by the attendant, rocking-horses, carts, and toys by the score, several glass jars placed near the little iron beds which contain gold fish, their glittering scales as they swim in the water attracting and holding the attention of the tiny sufferers. In this ward we came to understand what wonders may be accomplished for children often injured by careless or irresponsible mothers.

Some of the children had just been operated upon; some were ready for the operating theatre. A sunny-haired girl clasped a doll in one arm while the other was closely bandaged; a baby boy was never so happy as now, examining the toy engine, while his little pinched face was white and drawn with suffering. The children all wear white gowns and bright scarlet jackets, and across the foot of each bed is spread a scarlet blanket.

From the Queen's ward to the Princess Beatrice's ward, through the men's and women's wards was the same story of poverty, of accident, of illness, and the blessing of careful medical attendance and tender nursing. Men were walking about wait-

ing for their number to be called to go to the operating theatre, apparently indifferent to the outcome. Life does not offer to them much of brightness to look forward to or much of regret to leave.

In no other hospital in London is the religion of any sect especially considered; but here are men's and women's wards reserved for the Jews, where their religious observances are carefully respected and carried out. They have their own kitchen, where food is prepared according to their belief, and from which every Jew in the hospital is served. A rabbi conducts service every Saturday, and I saw on the frames of the doors the places where the commandments are fastened. There are accommodations for eighteen men and fourteen women, but the Jewish wards are not large enough to accommodate all the Jews who seek admittance. There is but one Jewish nurse in the institution, and she is not among her own people, but is in one of the children's wards.

Ward after ward I passed through, everywhere despair and agony and hopelessness catching after hope and comfort and rest; everywhere sunshine and flowers, yet the dark shadow of Azrael's wing was on the faces of scores of sunny-haired children and time-wrinkled men and women.

There are more than four hundred nurses in the London hospital, the sisters being promoted on merit from the ranks of the graduate nurses. The nurses on the staff who are sent out in private cases return to the hospital after finishing their work and go into the wards for regular service for a time.

In the London hospital each nurse has a bedroom to herself, and these are prettily furnished and most comfortable while the nurses' sitting room, furnished and arranged through the kindness of the house committee, un-

der the personal supervision of the chairman, is a most attractive apartment. Beautiful rugs cover the polished floor, a fine piano is always open, great easy chairs are placed invitingly about, a fine collection of books is at hand, exquisite bric-a-brac and fine pictures are everywhere, and a great fireplace promises cheerful firelight

fence, — a hidden key-hole, a moving of a section of the fence, and behold — I was in an earthly paradise. A great garden, shaded by splendid old trees, throwing shadows over the velvety lawn; flower-wreathed walks winding all about; hammocks, swings, inviting easy chairs and happy occupants. No wonder the nurses call it

THE NURSES' SITTING ROOM



and confidential cheer in the winter evenings.

"Will you come with me into the Garden of Eden?" I looked at the nurse askance. "Wait, please, until I get my key." So even in London the Garden of Eden has to be kept under lock and key to prevent the intrusion of the serpent.


Out through the hospital grounds, into the street, and up to a close board

the Garden of Eden; no wonder that they spend their "off hours" in the summer here. Out in nature's garden for a time they may forget that just over the way life is teeming with a thousand tragedies; out here in the sunshine, with the perfume of the flowers and the hum of the bee soothing them to quiet rest they know that

*"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world,"*

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

N March 4, 1797, Washington took his leave of public life. Those present at the inauguration of his successor in the Presidency noted his cheerfulness at the thought of release from official cares, and before a week ended he was once more traveling the road that led from Philadelphia to his beloved Virginia home. 'Twas with reluctant and heavy heart that he had left Mount Vernon eight years before. Then to misgivings as to his capacity for civic duties had been added keen anxiety as to his personal fortunes. When he became President he had lately been compelled to borrow a round sum of money to meet pressing obligations, knew that his estate would become profitless under hired overseers, and feared that his strength would be spent ere it came again to his own wise and careful keeping. These forebodings had proved too well founded; with the master absent his affairs had fallen into sad disorder, and he had been obliged to sell a goodly portion of his forest lands to again bring them into solvent shape, and to defray the expenses he was put to in the Presidency.

Now, however, public and private anxieties were both things of the past, and glad some must have been the home-coming to Mount Vernon in the early days of the budding spring. Once there Washington hastened to gather up the scattered threads of the old life, but he found himself too far gone in years to begin life anew. So he set them in order and kept his

days serene. "I begin my diurnal course with the sun," he wrote to a friend. "If my hirelings are not in their places by that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; having thus put these wheels in motion, I examine things further; the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast, a little after seven o'clock, . . . is ready; this being over, I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner . . . The usual time of sitting at the table, a walk and tea bring me within the dawn of candle-light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table and acknowledge the letters I have received; when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded that you will not require a second edition of it."

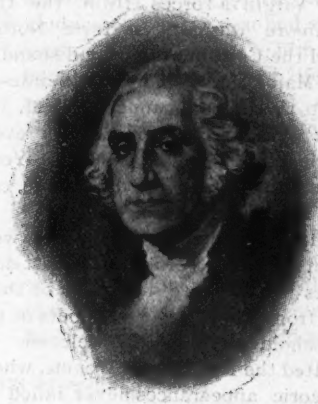
Washington, when he left the Presidency, had a little less than three years to live. The serenity and calm content that come only to the worker whose life task, now finished, has been a noble one, were his in full and rounded measure, yet there was an element of sadness in the aging man's

daily rides about Mount Vernon in the spring of 1797, for every rock and tree was eloquent of old pleasures with old friends, neither to be recalled. Of the constant comrades of Washington's earlier days, George Mason, master of near-by Gunston Hall and a patriot of the finest type, was no longer numbered among the living; stalwart old Lord Fairfax, of Greenaway Court, in whose veins ran the blood of the hero of Marston Moor, had been sleeping for a dozen years or more under a great stone in the chancel of Winchester church, while Colopel George William Fairfax, who had taught Washington his first lessons of how a soldier should serve his country, had died ten years back, in England, whither he had gone before the opening of the Revolution. The ruin of Belvoir House, the old mansion built by the sturdy colonel, faced the vision of the master of Mount Vernon whenever he gazed southward across Dogue Creek, and, in lieu of the joyous meetings of other days, Washington could only send to the widow of his friend, his old love, Sally Fairfax, now resident at Bath, in England, a



long and affectionate letter, in which he dwells upon the principal events of his career since their parting, twenty-

five years before, and ends with the words: "None of these events, or all of them put together, have been able



to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir."

Thus, the occasional presence at Mount Vernon of stout Bryan Fairfax, now well on in life and long since a priest in orders, only served to recall the loss or absence of other dear, familiar faces. Mount Vernon, however, was never long without numerous, and, in most cases, welcome visitors. The fame of Washington had gone to the ends of the world, and no stranger visited America but thought first of Mount Vernon in planning where he should go and what he should see. New friends and old sat daily at Washington's table, but most of his callers came, of course, from the neighboring town of Alexandria, where dwelt a goodly number of the general's officers, who, with chairs atilt in the Mount Vernon portico, delighted with their great leader to fight again and again the battles of the Revolution. Colonel Charles Simms, now the leading lawyer of the place, had served with credit as an officer of the Sixth

Regiment of the Virginia line; Colonel William Payne, "a cub in size, but a lion at heart," had held command in the Virginia forces from the time Dunmore was driven from Norfolk until the Continental army disbanded, and Major Henry Piercy, late aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, had kept Washington company in every battle but the final assault at Yorktown, having been, the day before, carried wounded from the field.

These, and many more besides, were often at Mount Vernon in the last days of its master's life, but none of them had from the younger members of the household so noisy a welcome as awaited the Rev. Mason Weems, whose meteoric appearances never failed to set house and plantation in a grin. An odd one was this same Parson Weems, whose claim to style himself "rector of Mount Vernon parish," set forth upon the title page of his "Life of Washington," has been gently but firmly demolished by later historians. First seen in the neighborhood of Alexandria as a book-peddler for a Philadelphia firm, driving his own chaise and fiddling at every stopping, by nothing was he so much pleased as when he could set roadside groups to capering. He was the ideal of a strolling preacher of the period,—he had been actually ordained to be a preacher,—and, while the black people fairly reveled at sight of him wagging his bow, in pulpit or out of it, by the soberer-minded he was recognized to be a good and self-denying man. Madam Washington, who in an adapted epitaph is by him extolled to the skies as his benefactress, was especially kind to the queer gentleman, and always contrived to give him a double spoonful of egg sauce if it fell to her to carve the chicken.

It was Washington's home that chiefly held his thought now, but he

could not, had he willed it, lose touch with public affairs. He took an active and delighted interest in the building of the capital which was to bear his name, made ready to command the army when a spark of war was kindled by the new administration's dealings with France, and was prompt, whenever occasion offered, to voice his deep, abiding affection for the institutions he had labored to set up and protect. Now and then, in moments of opposition to his desires, the imperious will, the passionate nature of the man flashed up as of old. One of Washington's most trusted friends was John Marshall, an officer in the Continental army, whom Washington had offered a place in his cabinet, and who later became the greatest of our chief justices. In 1798, when the outcry against the alien and sedition laws, warmly approved of by Washington, had grown so loud as to arouse his fears for the future of the republic, he sent a letter to Marshall, then a member of the Richmond bar, asking him to come to Mount Vernon for a week's visit. Marshall at once got ready and in a few days reached Mount Vernon, where he was received with great cordiality. After dinner, when the rest of the company had retired to the sitting room, Washington detained Marshall and soon told him why he had sent for him.

"I am uneasy, Major Marshall," said he, "at the rapid growth of these democratic societies, and anxious for the safety of our present system. We need our strongest and most patriotic men in Congress, and I want you to return to Richmond and announce yourself as a candidate."

Marshall made answer that it was impossible. He was a poor man, dependent on his practice for support, and the pecuniary sacrifice would be more than he could bear. Washington

argued with him, and soon got wrought into a violent passion. No patriot, he declared, would refuse to serve his country in such an emergency. He had been making personal sacrifices for the public all his life, and no true man would refuse such a call. Marshall, in describing the incident, said he had never received such a torrent of abuse in his life. He thought at one time that Washington would jump on him from across the table. He retired that night but could not sleep. After rolling and tossing for a time, he concluded he would get up early in the morning, slip out, get his horse and start for home. Morning at last came and as soon as he could see well he dressed. Then, taking his boots in his hand, he started down the stairway in his stocking feet—only to meet Washington in the hall.

"Where are you going, Major Marshall?" asked the old general. "I was going out, sir," was the reply. "It is too early for you to rise," said Washington. "Return to your room, and I will have you called when breakfast is ready."

Marshall went back to his room. At breakfast Washington was very polite to him, and when it was finished asked Marshall to ride over the plantation with him. They rode, returning in mid-afternoon to dinner. No allusion had been made to the differences of the previous night. Marshall, as the result of it all, and having stayed the week out, returned to Richmond, ran for Congress and was elected.

But his home, as I have said, was Washington's chief thought. He was happiest in the society of old friends and near kindred, and, as most often the case with the aged, lived again in

the interest and hopes of the young. The orphaned daughter of General Greene cherished until ripe old age the recollection of the gentle, thoughtful kindnesses Washington had shown her when a child, and she, to him, happiest event of his last year of life was the marriage of his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, to his favorite nephew, Lawrence Lewis.

Sweet Nelly, whom he had adopted at her father's deathbed, took strong hold upon his heart and grew to an intimacy with him such as few ever ventured to claim. He was always the confidant of her girlish troubles, and in the midst of his Presidency found

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON



time to write her a letter of advice upon love affairs, half grave, half playful, yet practical enough, in the matter of how "Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster," having caught her "hare," shall serve him. "When the fire is beginning to kindle," says he, "and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of character—a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me

in the manner I have been accustomed to live?" and more of the same order.

All of these questions were wisely answered by the young beauty when she gave her hand to Major Lewis, son of Washington's sister, Elizabeth. They were married February 22, 1799, and on the morning of that day Nelly pleaded with her foster father to grace the occasion by wearing the "grand embroidered uniform," which had been made for use in the threatened war with France. But, smilingly shaking his head, he donned, instead, the worn blue and buff that had seen real campaigns, and Nelly, clinging to his neck, said that she loved him better so. Thus equipped, he stood behind the bride and at the appointed moment gave her into the keeping of his trusted nephew. To assure this nephew of his devise to him by will of 2000 acres of land, on which he might at once begin to build, was one of the last acts of business in Washington's life.

Washington passed his last Christmas at Mount Vernon, in the company of several well loved friends, and conversed upon political subjects without reserve. Judge Cushing and lady reached Mount Vernon the evening before, and on Christmas day, while the family and friends were at dinner, General and Mrs. Pinckney arrived. The season was especially gay, because of the presence of Nelly Custis, and General Washington, entering into the spirit of the hour, led a stately minuet with her, and under the waxen blossoms of the mistletoe exacted tribute, to the envy of the younger swains.

After that the quiet days went by without incident. He served upon a petty jury of the county when summoned, and was more than content to be again the simple citizen, the considerate master, the helpful neighbor and friend. A strolling actor, riding

Mount Vernon way on a day in July, stopped to help a man and woman who had been thrown from their chaise, and did not recognize the stalwart man who galloped up to his assistance, until the overturned vehicle had been set up again, they had dusted the other's coat, and the stately stranger, saying he had had the pleasure of seeing him play in Philadelphia, had bidden him come to the house yonder and be refreshed. "Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?" exclaimed the astonished player. "An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard," smiled the heated soldier; "but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private, and without a prompter."

Now and then, when duty or pleasure prompted, Washington rode or drove to Alexandria, the Bellhaven of his youth, now grown to be a prosperous commercial center. His last visit there was on an election day. The polls were reached by a flight of steps outside, which in 1799 had become old and shaky. When the general reached the steps, he placed one foot upon them, and shook the crazy ascent, as if to try its strength. Instantly twenty brawny arms, one above the other, grasped the stairway, and a dozen men's shoulders braced it. Nor did a man move until the venerable chief deposited his vote and returned. "I saw his last bow," said one of them, half a century afterward; "it was more than kingly."

When stricken with serious illness during his first term as President, Washington had said to the attending physician: "I am not afraid to die. Whether to-night or twenty years hence makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." And so the end, when it came, found him ready. On the 12th of December, 1799, he was chilled through by the keen winds and the

cold rain and sleet that beat upon him as he went his round about the farms. He kept within doors the next day, and spent the evening cheerfully, listening to his secretary read the newspapers just come from the post office, but went to bed with a gathering hoarseness and cold, and woke in the night sharply stricken in his throat. Doctors came almost at dawn, but the disease was already beyond their control. Nothing that they tried could stay it, and by evening the end had come. He was calm the day through, as in a time of battle, knowing what betided, but not fearing it; steady, noble, a warrior figure to the end.

In truth, no action of Washington's life was more characteristic than the one which marked its close. It was late in the afternoon of the gray December day. He felt that he could not long retain his consciousness, and that he must do quickly whatever remained to be done by him. He had sent for his two wills; he had seen his wife burn the one which had been superseded, and put the other in a closet; he had

given Tobias Lear, his secretary, his last instructions concerning his accounts, letters and papers. He then thought his work was done; but he was not quite sure of it. There might be something that he had forgotten, the omission of which would cause inconvenience. "He then asked me," says Lear; "if I recollected anything it was essential for him to do, as he had but a short time to continue with us." It was the ruling spirit strong in death; it was the habit of a lifetime asserting itself when soul and body were parting; it was Washington dying. Five hours later he said: "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put in the vault in less than three days after I am dead. 'Tis well," he added, as Lear bowed his head in silent token that he understood. Then, of a sudden, his breathing became easier, and he felt his own pulse, as if to learn the cause of the change. As he gently exhaled his last breath, the hand fell slowly from the wrist. Washington had become the noblest, mightiest memory in our history.

ILLUMINATION

I heard the music throb against the sky—
A soul articulate that strove to reach
Those wondrous heights beyond the touch of speech—
And men stood hushed as though a god passed by;
And grief was for a moment glorified,
And peace fell gently over heart and brain,
And for a second's time you had not died,
Nor love been broken on the rack of pain.
Only a little moment. Then the gloom.
But Oh, the comfort! It was like the ray
Of sudden sun that pierced the darkened room
Wherein with folded eyes, beloved, you lay,
So touched with light that for a blessed space
I thought you lived and smiled into my face.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Francis Lynde

II

THE fruit steamer "Adelantado," outward bound, fell away from her moorings; forged slowly ahead, until the current caught and swung her prow riverward; and circling majestically in mid-stream began to pass the lights of the city as she steamed at half speed down the river.

Bainbridge was on deck when the steamer left her berth, and remembering the stuffy little stateroom he had inspected earlier in the day, was minded to go aft and finish his cigar in the open air. Accordingly, he found a settee on the port quarter and sat down to watch the lights wheel past in orderly procession as the "Adelantado" swept around the great crescent which gives the city its unofficial name.

While the comfortable feeling of elation, born of his unexpected bit of good fortune, was still uppermost to lend complacency to his reflections, he yet found time to be honestly sorry for the man from whom he had just parted. Sorry, but not greatly apprehensive. He had known Griswold in New York, and was not unused to his socialistic vagaries. To be sure, his theories were incendiary and subversive of all civilized dogma; but at bottom, Griswold the man was nothing worse than an impressionable enthusiast who had tormented himself into a fancied condition of utter ruthlessness by dwelling overmuch upon the wrongs of others.

So Bainbridge thought; and he knew his opinion was shared with frank

unanimity by all of Griswold's friends, who agreed in calling him Utopian, altruistic, visionary. What milder epithets could be applied to a man who, with sufficient literary talent—not to say genius—to make himself a working name in the ordinary way, must needs run amuck and write a novel with a purpose!—a novel, moreover, in which the purpose so overshadowed the story as to make the book a mere preachment.

As a matter of course, the publishers would have nothing to do with the book. Bainbridge remembered with considerable satisfaction that he had prophesied its failure, and had given Griswold no little good advice while it was in the process of writing. But Griswold, being to the full as obstinate as he was impressionable, had refused to be counselled, and now the consequences of his stubbornness were upon him. He had said truly that his literary gift was novelistic and nothing else; and here he was, penniless and desperate, with a dead book on his hands, and with no chance to write another, even if he were so minded, since one cannot write fasting.

Thus Bainbridge reflected, and was sorry that Griswold's invincible pride had kept him from accepting a friendly stop-gap in his extremity. Yet he smiled in spite of his sympathy. It was amusing to think of Griswold, who, as long as his slender patrimony had lasted, had been emphatically a man not of the people, posing as an anarchist, and up in arms against the



*"Penniless and desperate, with a dead book on his hands, and with no chance
to write another, since one cannot write fasting"*

world. None the less, he was to be pitied.

"Poor devil! he is in the doldrums now, and isn't quite responsible for what he says or thinks—or for what he thinks he thinks," said the journalist to himself. "Just the same, I wish I had made him take that—Why, how are you, Griffin? Where in the mischief did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the exceeding narrowness of the world, and Bainbridge made room for him on the settee.

"I didn't drop, I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way down from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"Confound you!" said Bainbridge, laughing: "Can't you ever forget that you're in the shadowing business?"

"Yes; just as often and just as long as you can forget that you are a news-hunter."

The shadowed one laughed again, and they smoked in silence until the "Adelantado" doubled the bend in the river and the last outposts of the city's lights disappeared in the blackness. Then Griffin said:

"Who was the fellow you were talking to in front of Chaudiere's? His face is familiar enough, but I can't place him."

The question fell in with the reporter's train of thought, and he answered it rather more fully and freely than he might have at another time and under different conditions. From telling who Griswold was, he slipped by easy degrees into the story of his ups and downs, ending with a vivid little word-painting of the scene in Chaudiere's.

"To hear him talk you would think he was a bloody-minded anarchist of the thirty-third degree, ready to sweep

the existing order of things off the face of the earth," he added: "but in reality he is one of the best fellows in the world gone a bit morbid over the social problem. He has a heart of gold, as I happen to know. He used to spend a good deal of his time in the backwater, and you know what the backwater in a big city is."

"Yes."

"Well, one night he stumbled into a cellar somewhere down in the lower levels on the East Side. He was looking for a fellow that he had been trying to find work for—a crippled 'long-shoreman, I believe he was. When he got into the place he found the man stiff, the woman with the death-rattle in her throat, and a two-year-old baby creeping back and forth between the dead father and the dying mother—starvation, you know, pure and simple. Griswold jumped into the breach like a man and tried to save the woman. It was too late; but when the mother died he took the child to his own eight-by-ten attic and nursed and fed it till the missionary people took it off his hands. He did that, mind you, when he was living on two meals a day, himself; and I fancy he skipped one of them to buy milk for that kid."

"Humph! And he calls himself an anarchist, does he? It's a howling pity there ain't a lot more just like him," said the detective, sententiously.

"That is what I say," Bainbridge agreed. Then with a sudden twinge of remorse for having told Griswold's story to a stranger, he changed the subject with an abrupt question.

"Where are you headed for, Griffin?"

The detective chuckled. "You don't expect me to give it away, do you—a newspaper man—do you? But I will, seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

Griffin nodded. "It takes a good while, sometimes, but I don't fall down very often when there's enough money in it to make the game worth the candle. I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate that fellow; and now I've found him he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me on the next steamer. Have a fresh smoke? No? Then let's turn in; it's getting late."

III

Two days after the "Adelantado" cleared for the banana coast; or, to be more accurate, in the forenoon of the second day, the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Bank, entered his private office in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. Punctually at ten-five, the stenographer, whose desk was in the anteroom, brought in the mail; five minutes later the cashier entered for his morning conference with his superior; and at half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Mr. Galbraith was a serious-minded man whose hobby was method; and it was his custom to give himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion each morning in which to read and consider his letters. During this interval the stenographer, acting as usher, was instructed to deny his chief to callers of whatsoever degree. Wherefore, when the door of the private office opened at twenty minutes of eleven to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir?" he said, with the accent irritant, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The visitor was a young man not over thirty, of prepossessing appearance, with a figure rather slight for his stature; fair, with blue eyes, and a curling brown beard and moustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to remark at a glance, and to remember afterward.

"Well, sir!" he repeated, when the stranger stopped to carefully close the door, "if you have business with me, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a few minutes. Be good enough to take a seat in the anteroom till I ring. M'Farland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had not heard it. Now Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was ordinarily the temper of an elderly gentleman with a long upper lip, worn clean shaven, but such a deliberate infraction of his rules was not to be borne patiently, and he got up to ring for the janitor. But when his hand sought the bell-push, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver in the hands of the intruder, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping.

"Wha—what do you mean, sir! Who are you, and what do you want?" he stammered.

The reply was most succinct and to the point.

"I am a poor man, and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you."

"You would murder me?" The president's hands were clutching the arms of the chair, and he was fighting desperately for courage and presence of mind in his extremity.

"Not willingly, I assure you; but

most certainly, if you attempt to give the alarm. But there is no occasion for needless anxiety. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason your life is not in danger."

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons, sir!" exclaimed the president, recovering somewhat from the first shock of terrified bewilderment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away."

The young man smiled in a way to show his teeth.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he said, coolly. "I say you shall listen first, and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, but ungraciously, as one under strict compulsion.

"Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This. You are rich: you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is above any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you know what to do with: I have not enough to buy the next meal, which is already twenty-four hours over-due. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours only by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good: if not, you die. Do I make myself sufficiently clear?"

The president glanced furtively at the clock. It was nearly eleven, and M'Farland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only gain a little time. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coin.

"You say you are hungry: well, I'm no that well off that I canna remem-

ber the time when I knew what it was to be on short commons myself," he said; and the relapse into the mother idiom was a measure of his perturbation. "Take this now, and be off with you."

The younger man glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and it won't do. My stake in this game is more than a handful of silver; and I don't do you the injustice to suppose that you hold your life so cheaply—you who have so much silver and gold and so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who is willing to compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in money."

"But, man! you're clean daft! Do ye think I have—"

"I am not here to argue the possibilities,"—the interruption was sharp and incisive. "Take your pen and write out a check payable to your own order for one hundred thousand dollars, and do it now! If that door opens before we have concluded, you are a dead man!"

Then Andrew Galbraith saw that the end was nigh and gathered himself for a final effort at time-killing. It was absurd; he had no such balance to his credit; such a check would not be honored; it would ruin him irretrievably. In the midst of his vehement protest the stranger stepped back a pace and raised the weapon.

"I tell you you are trifling with your life! Do it while there is yet time!"

The sound of subdued voices came from the anteroom, and the beleaguered old man stole an upward glance at the face of his persecutor. There

was no mercy in the fierce blue eyes glaring down upon him, but rather madness and fell murder. The summons came once again.

"Do it quickly, I say, before we are interrupted. Do you hear?"

Truly, the president both heard and understood, but he hesitated yet one other second.

"You will not? Then may God have mercy—"

The hammer of the levelled pistol clicked twice. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and check-book. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased in the anteroom, and the silence was broken only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the anteroom.

"Now come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember that if he hesitates, you die."

They left the private office together, side by side; the young man with his right hand under his coat. The president breathed a little freer when they reached the lobby of the main apartment, and was not without the hope that chance might still intervene to save him.

It did not. There were but few customers in the bank at that hour, and the president tried in vain to catch a responsive eye.

At the paying teller's window there was only one person instead of the group which Andrew Galbraith had hoped to find there; a young woman who was getting a draft cashed. She saw them and would have stood aside, but the robber forbade it with a gesture, and they waited for a few try-

ing moments until she was served.

When the young woman went her way, the president stepped to the window and presented the check. Up to that instant he had clung desperately to the hope that some fortunate happening would forestall the catastrophe; now he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. But on the pinnacle of resolution the robber came closer, and Andrew Galbraith felt the pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side—nay, more; he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

"Give me currency for that, Jobson," he said, with what composure there was in him.

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior, not too inquisitively, since it was not his duty to question the president's order.

"How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the younger man who answered.

"Three hundred in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please; the remainder in the largest denominations put up in a passage."

It was done as he directed, and he followed the teller's count as methodically as if it had been the most commonplace of business transactions. When the money was handed him he stuffed the smaller bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand odd dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed away to the door and vanished.

Then it was that Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his mouth and pouring forth a torrent of frenzied incoherence which presently got itself translated into a hue and cry; and New Orleans the unimpetuous had its sensation ready made.

(To be continued)

SHOP GIRLS AS THEY ARE

By Alice Van Leer Carrick



THAT shop girls are often misunderstood, that they are over-rated and depreciated by turns, is a fact as true as it is little known.

To read any of the authors of the Laura Jean Libbey school one might fancy that the little Rosebuds and charming Leonies represent the only class to be seen in shops,

while occasional agitations and letters to the press indicate an astonishing lack of morals among the girls that serve us every day. Miss Libbey's views, though erroneous in the main, are far more encouraging and truthful than the last statements, although misleading, for every shop girl cannot hope to be a little Rosebud, surrounded with lovers, or a beautiful Leonie for whom so many young and eligible millionaires are sighing. They are, on the whole, average, every-day girls; and yet, if one is at all discerning, one is as apt to find as pretty faces and as gentle manners as one does in much higher walks of life.

People so often say, turning away from a counter where a saleswoman

has particularly pleased them, "What a pity such a girl has to work in a shop! She seems really quite like a lady." But to work in a store takes much patience, forbearance and an obliging disposition, three things certainly essential to an admirable womanly character. To answer all questions considerately and politely, to show goods untiringly and to give samples ungrudgingly, all these things

are expected of a girl employed in one of the stores. So many people can be inconsiderate, never stopping to think that the girl, tired out with rush and overworked time of Christmas shopping and "bargain sale" days, may find standing on her feet and answering questions with the necessary civility, two things almost incompatible. "We must be on the alert for everything," said one girl. "We are apt to be called

on to tell how many yards will be necessary for a child's dress, to choose for a fat old lady the more becoming of two shades, either of which will make her look like a fright, and every day I have to insist that crockery or veils cannot be bought at the small-wares counter."

A bundle girl on the embroidery counter of one of the big stores



There are truly "all sorts and conditions," all kinds of types to be found in shops, and while many of them av-

"Can you direct me to the bias counter?"



erage only fairly, there are also some very attractive girls. On the whole, they dress well; they live in the atmosphere of adornment and they receive a large education by being directly in the store. In the millinery department, for example, a shop girl has the chance of seeing the latest styles, of assimilating colors, and, at last, of educating her taste to a very good level. These girls are the criterion of a fashion, they are the first to adopt a style, the first to discard it. And as their salaries average seven or eight dollars a week, going higher in the more complicated departments, they are able to dress as well, if not better, than the average girl who stays at home.

A contemporary claims that the day of pretty girls at shop counters is past, that the times are for use, not beauty.

but prettiness never interfered with a good saleswoman's work. Of course there are all methods of selling goods and one of the most effectual is the confidential and interested tone. The Jewish and Irish girls are better at this than the Americans, despite the so-called Yankee shrewdness, for they have color, imagination and "blarney" and the cleverest way of pressing an article upon one. "My dear, I should think that was just your style," or "That color just suits a delicate complexion, Madame," until one is fairly "my deared" and "Madamed" into buying the article in question, because she is afraid of hurting the feelings of one who takes so personal an interest in her. Other girls whose figures are within that golden mean that is neither too stout nor too slender, have a

"I think this shade is very becoming to you"



way of saying to a customer verging perceptibly on the lines of solidity or thinness: "Yes, Madame, that is the size I always take, and I am sure that

The cloak model

it would just about suit you. We are nearly of a figure." And the customer swallows the bait and goes out after purchasing whatever it is, feeling that she has been waited upon by an exceptionally intelligent and discriminating girl. But perhaps the most eloquent appeal to a shopper's fancy is to see a hat or a coat tried on by one of the very pretty models kept for this purpose. She imagines that it is the hat or the coat, not the girl that is so irresistible, and is tempted to purchase something that may not in the least be becoming to her. So it is the writer's opinion, based on careful observation, that pretty girls are apt to make much better sales than plain girls; they are more in love with the world, and consequently, more obliging than the unfortunate ugly sisterhood.

In two things it would be a pleasure to see most of these girls improve, and these two things are their mental and physical digestions. At lunch-counters one may often see girls hurriedly disposing of a chocolate ice-cream soda and a ham sandwich. Or possi-

bly this atrocious combination may be changed for one equally bad, strawberry soda with doughnuts and cheese. It is a fact well known to lunch-room owners' that working girls are almost stingy in their outlay for food, and it is a pity that something cannot be done to make them understand the unhealthfulness of such rubbish. It may be every-day heroism that makes her buy this cheaper food, for in many cases this is done to save the money which is one of the links that binds

"One often sees the shop girl hurriedly disposing of ice cream soda and doughnuts or ice cream soda and a ham sandwich"



the family together, and while the actual choice is bad, the spirit of the sacrifice is to be commended. Yet despite the trash they eat and the close confinement that they are kept in, prettier complexions than some of these girls possess cannot be found: roses and cream—they rival the most charming coloring that any country girl's cheeks could wear. The Noon Day Rests also offer chances for girls to obtain nourishing lunches at small cost, but their whole system of diet needs much reformation yet. Their

mental indigestion also is a matter for vigorous crusading. Too few good books are read, and a frequent answer to the question, "What is your favorite book?" is that they have read so many and remembered so few that they can hardly tell. But a more appalling state still, exists, for one girl said that she never remembered reading a novel in her life, adding the unnecessary statement that she "didn't care for books." A list of twenty favorite novels read by these shop girls will easily show in what direction the need of improvement lies: "Dora Thorne," "Marguerite's Heritage," "The Duke's Secret," "The Duke's Secret," "The Romance of Two Worlds," "The Christian," "The Christian," "Dora

that she liked it the best of all Kipling's works.

But if these girls have ideas of books and food that send a wave of shivers over one, the instinctive refinement that many of them possess is a sufficient atonement for those shortcomings. The search for photographic illustrations brought out this quality in an especially strong light. Most of the requests were met by refusals, expressed in such funny ways, but quite decided: "I guess I'd just as soon not, thank you," or "I'd never dare to. I don't know as my mother would like me to," while none were given unurged, and many were promised only on the condition that "the folks at home" or "my people" gave their consent. Where the family influence is so strongly felt there cannot be half the danger that temptation usually brings. "I suppose that temptations of some sort come to every girl who has to make her living," said a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman. "But I know that it is possible to lay them aside, because I came to, this city poor and

"I am always just played out and exhausted after a holiday"



Thorne," "St. Elmo," "Dora Thorne," "The Christian," "Dora Thorne," "Quo Vadis," "David Harum," "A Queen Amongst Women," "Soldiers Three," "Thelma," "The Romance of Two Worlds," "Airy, Fairy Lillian," "Thelma." The predominance of Bertha M. Clay and Marie Corelli is almost saddening, and David Harum lost its charm when a girl declared

"What a pity such a girl has to work for a living"



friendless, and I have honestly earned each step of my way."

One girl answered the question, "Don't you ever envy the girls who come in here to shop, girls that have plenty of leisure and money and all that makes life pleasant?" The girl who was plainly above her position smiled a little before she answered, slowly: "I used to at first, but it has always been hardest to have the girls that I used to know come in and not speak to me. At the time of our trouble I was thought rather quixotic because I took the only thing I could do, and one of my schoolmates chose to deliver a public lecture to me, because, as she expressed it, 'I had disgraced myself forever.' But I'm used to it," she added, turning to wait on another customer. "It's all in the day's work." Another girl confessed her desire to have enough money to buy some luxury and then not have to "walk home to pay for it;" while a third waxed very bitter over girls who only worked for spending money, coming in to "take the bread out of our mouths. I work because I have to—because it's my living, and I'd starve if I didn't, and they work, not because they haven't got a comfortable home, but because they want 'pin money,' and to get it they'll take lower wages than a girl that is working for her living can."

However, in many ways a shop-girl's life has its compensations, and that more and more girls are entering this field is shown by the increasing difficulty of obtaining servants. Girls prefer tending counters to being maid of all work, for after the store closes a shop-girl's time is practically her own, and there is no mistress to object to "followers," or, as the ordinary shop-girl would phrase it, "gentlemen friends." These same "gentlemen friends" are the subject of much

counter discussion; many of the girls wear very pretty engagement rings, and their opinions concerning presents are of no small dimensions. "I wouldn't have a young gentleman that couldn't give me a handsomer ring than Sadie's got," sniffed a scornful "sales-lady," looking across to where the happy "Sadie" was displaying her turquoise ring to her admiring friends, while a knot of little cash-girls peeped over the counter. "Say, Nellie," said one of them, visibly impressed by the dignity of fiancés, "I'd rather marry an ashman than not get married, wouldn't you?" and the other "cashes" seemed to agree with her.

These girls are all as fond of fun as any natural, genuine girl is apt to be. They like Nantasket excursions and Riverside canoeing parties, and some of them take wicked delight in teasing poor, confused men sent in on errands by their wives and sisters. But who could help laughing at a man, who, with pathetic stupidity, asked to be directed to the "Bias counter." One kind girl always makes it a point to gently enlighten these poor victims of a woman's necessity. "It must be so very hard for a man to do such errands. I am always so sorry for them," she said, when a bewildered man explained that he wanted "a black straw hat woven like matting, and something like the outside of a tea-chest." But these girls all declare that they prefer to wait on a man.

But this article might be continued indefinitely, for what has already been written is only a small part of what might be said upon the shop-girl question. Its lighter side alone has been touched, and the whole case admits of far deeper discussion and thought; but what has been written has been from actual and careful observation, and is a fairly natural and accurate view of the shop-girl as she really is.

THE BIXLEY TOWER EPISODE

By Charles W. Reamer

FOR more years than I had ever seen, "Buddy" Kerlin had patrolled a stretch of track between Bixley tower and the point of the mountain, two miles and a half east. Five years before, when I had been sent to Bixley tower as night operator, he had evinced a disposition to be sociable. The first night that he saw me he called me "Buddy." This, in fact, was the name by which he addressed everybody, young or old, stranger or acquaintance; and it was also the name that everybody applied to him. Even the paymaster, who went out with the pay car when it made its monthly round and handed to each employe a check for the amount of his month's salary, always greeted him as "Buddy," although he called every other man on the line by his last name. Whether "Buddy" was the originator of the name, or whether he used it in self defense only, I never learned.

The town of Bixley was nothing to speak of, being made up of half a hundred scattered houses with the railroad running through its center. Nearly a mile east of the station stood the tower where I first met "Buddy." This tower was the Western terminus of his route. A four by six watch box sitting on the edge of the bank at the point of the mountain marked the eastern end. This box, or rather its predecessor, had a history. One stormy night in March, prior to my advent at Bixley, the wind had picked it up bodily and tossed it over the forty foot embankment to the river's edge. "Buddy" was in it at the time, taking (as he admitted to me) a nap

between trips. He was having a hard time to hand struggle with a red hot stove when he awoke.

"Sometimes I was on top and sometimes the stove was on top, but the stove seemed to have the best of it either way," was "Buddy's" way of putting it. After that ride, "Buddy's" left arm served to fill his coat sleeve merely; otherwise it was a useless member.

The track between Bixley tower and the mountain, "Buddy" walked over at least twice every night in the year. Sometimes, when the Spring freshets were on, he did it much oftener, for the soft clay banks of the roadway dwindled away, inch by inch, before the onslaught of the flood, and the overhanging cliffs covered the rails with an avalanche of stones and dirt. But there never was a night when conditions were so bad that "Buddy" did not find time to stop in at least once for a chat and a smoke of my "Mail Pouch." These visits of the old man were the only pleasant incidents in a series of nights that were otherwise long and monotonous. I don't think I ever could have endured the solitude of Bixley tower without them. I know that I never tried, for both of us ended our sojourn there on the same night, though not in the same way.

"Buddy" was always at the lower end of his route for No. 6's, which ran in two sections, passing Bixley a little after two o'clock, and Lipton Junction, the next block office east, about seven minutes later. On the night with which this tale has to do, the first section of No. 6 has passed Bixley

on time. As usual, I marked the time on the train sheet and, having called up the office on either side of me, reported the train to both.

In the ordinary course of events the train, as above stated, should have passed Lipton in about seven minutes. So, when, some fifteen minutes later, the second section surprised me by slipping up unheralded, I made a quick grab for the signal and pulled it to white without even glancing at my train sheet. I think this was the first time, and I know it was the last time I ever did such a thing.

When I took up my pen to record the passing time of 2nd No. 6, I was startled by the fact that my sheet failed to show a clear block. Apparently, the first section had not yet passed Lipton. This gave me a sharp turn, for the moment. But the lapse of time since the train had passed Bixley speedily reassured me. Lipton had, perhaps, failed to report it; or, having reported it, I had neglected to make the entry on my sheet and had forgotten the circumstance. The mechanical way in which operators, after a time, come to do their work made either theory plausible. All this was passing through my mind during the time I was calling Lipton. When he answered, I said:

"Go ahead, 1st No. 6."

"Here," came the answer, "fixing a hot box."

Something came into my throat, and I caught my breath sharply. The eastern window was open, and I walked across to it and looked out into the darkness in the direction of Lipton. From the foot of the hills more than a mile below came the sharp whistle of the engine of 2nd No. 6. Then I walked back to the table and called Lipton. My head was whirling.

"Is 1st 6 leaving?" I asked.

"No," replied the man at Lipton.

During several precious minutes I sat there in a kind of stupor. Then I called Lipton again, having first grounded the wire west that none but him might hear.

"For God's sake," I ticked, "go down and get them started. I let 2nd go."

I might as well have done nothing, and I knew it. Five minutes had passed since the red "tail lights" of 2nd No. 6 had disappeared to the eastward. In two minutes more the flagman, standing on the rear end of his train, as I knew he would be, would see a headlight burst into view almost on top of him; would feel the shock of the collision; would hear the cries of the injured and dying.

On the wall over the sink hung a small mirror. I walked over and peered into it, but that face staring out at me surely was not mine; it was a face that made me laugh and cry in the same breath. Again I looked at the clock. One minute more! My eyes followed the second hand on its journey; but they saw more than the small bit of steel jumping over the circle; they looked through space to where a heavy train of sleepers was drawing, with each jump of the hand, nearer and nearer to its journey's end.

As calmly as I could I waited. At the end of eight minutes no word, good or bad, had come from Lipton. I dared not ask. Indeed, to ask seemed useless. So I filled my pipe and struck a match to light it. At that instant the block wire began sounding my call, but the match had burned up to my fingers before I realized the fact. Then I answered.

"All right," said the man at Lipton. "They started to pull out just as I got down the stairs."

"And the 2nd?" I asked.

"No sime."

Then my nerves, which had been



"I made a quick grab for the signal and pulled it to white without even glancing at my train sheet"

braced for the shock, gave way, and I broke down utterly. The tears dropped down on the train sheet and made big blots, but I cared nothing for that; they were tears of joy. After a bit, with the connivance of the operator at Lipton, I marked and reported 2nd No. 6 as leaving Bixley (where it ought to have been held) one minute after the first section had passed Lipton. This would effectually cover my blunder. Not one man on either of the two trains need ever know from what a fearful catastrophe he had, by fate or chance, been preserved that night. Not even the omniscient despatcher need ever be any the wiser. No one had knowledge of the facts except the man at Lipton and myself. He said that he would never tell; I knew that I should not. And so we patched the matter up between us.

And now there arose a new subject for speculation. 2nd No. 6 was, from some cause unknown, being delayed between Bixley and Lipton. Under the circumstances I was somewhat curious to learn what this cause was. The thing had, I thought, happened most opportunely; so much so, in fact, that I could not but believe that that unseen force which sometimes guides our footsteps when we are about to stumble, had been at the bottom of the matter. If it were mere chance, then chance had been most clever to me. I felt that I would like to talk it over with "Buddy," whose philosophy, while sometimes inconsistent, was comforting. My nerves were still badly shaken, and I needed, more than anything else, a sight of his weather-beaten face to steady them.

It was about time for his lantern to come bobbing into sight, so I walked to the window and looked down the track. He was not in sight, but something else was; and that something

else, as it gradually drew nearer, I knew to be the rear end of 2nd No. 6. Some presentiment of what had happened must have come to me then, for my heart began to beat loud and fast, and my legs trembled under me. The train backed up to the office and stopped. Without waiting for any one to come up, I ran down the steps and threw open the door. Four men were coming toward me carrying something between them. I saw that it was the form of a man, and I knew, just as if I had looked into the still face, that it was "Buddy." Before they quite reached me I turned away and staggered back up the stairs to the office. There, having deposited my burden in the room below, they followed me.

"We hit him right in front of the watch-box at the point of the mountain," said the engineer. "He was standing on North track when I first saw him; but when we were almost on top of him he stepped over in front of the engine. When we got stopped we run back to the spot, but had to hunt for fifteen minutes before we found the body—found it at last down over the bank at the edge of the water. You'd better notify Joplin that the body's here." Then he pointed downward. "Has he anybody—any family, I mean?"

I shook my head. Then they filed down the stairs and left me alone. When I had seen the red lights of 2nd No. 6 fade away for the second time that night I dropped my arms on the table, and, burying my face in them, cried for sorrow, as only a few minutes before I had cried for joy. Never more would I see "Buddy's" lantern come bobbing up the track. Never more would I hear his footsteps on the stairs. Never more would we two hug the old coal stove in Bixley tower and smoke to the tune of the wires. Those times

could never come again; for all that was now left of my old comrade lay still and quiet in the room below.

This was my last night at Bixley tower. On the following morning I wired my resignation to my chief. When I had followed "Buddy's" body to its last resting-place I pulled up stakes and went West. That was ten years ago. The other day I met my old chief quite by accident, and we had a talk over old times.

"I suppose you don't know," I said to him, "why I resigned so suddenly at Bixley tower."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I know; at least, I formed a pretty good idea as

to the cause. It all came out in the investigation that followed the death of old "Buddy" Kerlin. Your train sheet and the conductor's report didn't jibe. Besides, the engineer said he got the white signal at Bixley that night. You resigned to avoid a discharge."

"No," I said, "I didn't. I never expected you to discover the mistake I had made. The fact is, I never could get rid of the idea that if I had held the train as I should have done, 'Buddy' would not have been killed."

The chief pulled at his lower lip reflectively.

"Oh, nonsense," he said, at last.

THE ICE-BOAT

As swift and as light as a bird our flight,

With white wings spread to the breeze,

Through the frosty air on a voyage rare

We glide o'er the glittering seas,

While the icy mist by the sunshine kissed

Springs up from the cutting steel,

And lies like a fleece, as the miles increase,

In the track of our flying keel.

O'er the ice-bound seas to the freshening breeze

O merry the wind may blow!

For Neptune is found by the frost-king bound,

And chained to the depths below;

And the boats may come and the boats may go,

But the tides that ebb and the tides that flow

Can neither work weal nor woe.

Then away, away o'er the shining bay,

While the brisk wind fills the sail,

As swift as the deer when the hunter's near,

Or a foot on a well-worn trail;

But swifter than these when the friendly breeze

Creeps into our wide lateen,

Then even the wind must tarry behind

The speed of our runners keen.

Then ho! for the chase and the glorious race

When the ice is smooth and clear;

For a wind that's fair and a skipper's care

That each dainty craft shall steer;

And it's ho! for the gallant white-winged fleet!

For the prize that's won and the cheers that greet,

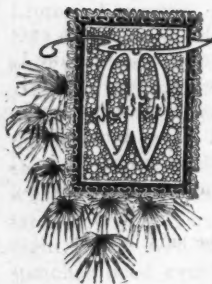
When the victors goal we near.

Beatrice Harlowe

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON

"So true, so brave,
A lamb at home,—a lion in the chase."

By Peter McQueen



ITH the death of General Lawton the Filipinos lost their best friend. Lawton was the best fighter and the wisest administrator that we have sent to the Philippine Islands. He was as kind as

he was brave, for the bravest are evermore the tenderest. I remember one day in our expedition to San Isidro; we were lost in the hills between Novaliches and San Jose. We hired a native guide and he led us off the track among the swamps and in the wildernesses of cane-brakes. From an old priest in the mountains we learned that the guide was leading us in the wrong path. The guide, when confronted by General Lawton, broke down and admitted that he was a Filipino spy. He knew it was a capital offense, and knelt down beside the old priest to make his last confession. While he was thus engaged I snapped my camera upon him, and he got up and started to run away. I apologized to the General for interfering with his prisoner and Lawton replied, "He thought you were going to shoot him, and he deserved to be shot." I asked the general why he did not execute the culprit and he answered, "Well, I hate to take away life, let him go." The next day we captured the recreant armed in a rebel uniform.

Though Lawton was a fearless and determined commander, he was very kind and gentle in private life. He

often brought his little boy out to the firing lines and amused the lad by showing him how they handled rapid-fire guns. With his wife and family he could often be seen driving down the Luneta in a plain American carriage—the true type of a simple American gentleman. I noticed that he was always very gallant and chivalrous to his wife. Mrs. Lawton is one of the most charming women in Manila. She was the leader among the American ladies in the Philippines. In all good, kind, true and tender ways she is the best friend the soldiers have. She organized a corps of women to do volunteer Red Cross work in the hospitals of Manila. Many a soldier boy will mourn with this devoted woman in her bereavement. She is the ideal wife and mother. It was the glory of the Lawtons to exhibit in their domestic life those honest traits which make the republic great.

I feel in the death of Gen. Lawton, the loss of a personal friend. Full many a cheering word of his I keep among my treasures. His modesty and manliness shall live with me like sweet forget-me-nots in Memory's garden. In the fierce tide of battle, in the wild bivouac of life, I shall esteem it an honor to the end of my days that I have known this truly American family. Their courage, constancy and love were shining traits in Manila society. Even in the chaos of martial law, the tender home of Lawton grew like a root of roses blooming undefiled amid the riot of a battlefield.

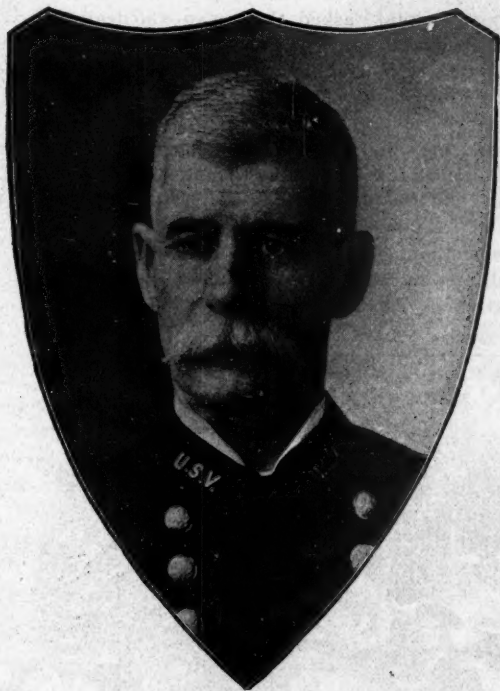
The clerks at Lawton's headquarters

were always enthusiastic about their chief. In the trenches and around the camp fires at night I often heard the soldiers say: "Lawton is coming; the old 'un knows how to fight; now we'll end them insurrectos—ah, Aggie, I see your finish." Most generals have their headquarters behind the firing lines; this one had his nearly always in front of the skirmishers. On the

esting history to write when it comes to hard work up here." The general was so dry with his wit that his jokes were quoted all over the army.

Major Edwards, his adjutant, besought him to lay aside his white helmet [which was a regular conductor for bullets. At the fight for Paranaque three of the staff had their horses shot and several were wounded. Ed-

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON



Northern Campaign I became tired of being constantly plugged at by sharpshooters as Lawton's staff always was. Accordingly I retired and went a week with the artillery. When I joined the staff ten days later, the general asked me where I had been. "Back with the guns, writing memoirs," I replied. He laughed, and said: "I notice you literary fellows have always very inter-

wards is responsible for the story of Lawton's grim humor up in this wilderness of Nueva Ecija. The major says that he and Lawton had not a scrap to eat for three days but a chicken. Lawton bore it for two days, then he said in his dry way: "Well, major, this is a mighty hard campaign; nothing to eat but spring chicken."

We had to pay for all the chickens

we took from the captured towns—this was Lawton's order. I bought a couple of pullets one day and sent them to the General by a Filipino guide. But the wily Malay knew how just the American commander was, and charged him a second price.

The reporters always had lots of chickens. Major Edwards called me up one day and asked me how many chickens we had in the house of the newspaper men. I told him nine. "Where are your receipts?" asked the major with a darkening frown. "The people have left their homes and we can't get them to receipt for the birds," I answered. Whereupon the major threatened me with the wrath of Lawton. He told Lawton the story in a joking way; and the General rallied me about it. But he was always careful, even when joking to make it evident that all men in the expedition were to be extremely cautious never

to wound the feelings or hurt the interests of the peaceful natives. He would rather have suffered wrong himself than do a wrong to the humblest man, woman or child in Luzon.

There are no words with heart enough and soul enough to praise this brave and generous man. He was as valiant as Achilles and as modest as a girl. Of all our generals in the Philippines Lawton has done the most to quell the insurrection. He was the man who dealt the heaviest blows to the enemy and yet he was the most considerate of non-combatants—the women and the children. He was the first American who established civil government in the Philippines. At Beliuag he established the first city government under American protection in Luzon. Then he went to the towns of Paranaque, Imus, Bacoor, San Pedro Macati and showed the people there that he came as a friend.

A GROUP OF AMIGOS



MORONG LAKE, NEAR MORONG



They rallied around him as around no other American. He told me that at Paranaque, he almost had to bring the people by force to the town hall to elect a mayor. But when the people saw that they were to have their own government, levy their own taxes and spend these taxes in the improvement of the town, they threw up their hats and shouted "vivas" in favor of American rule.

Like Schurman and Dewey, Lawton believed in the immense resources of the islands and in the high quality of the Filipino people. Among his last words to me were these: "When peace comes and we have established such a government as the United States can and will give to these islands, I believe that the Filipino people will be one of the most happy, thrifty and prosperous races on the globe."

Lawton could have done much for the Filipinos had he been spared. In killing him these misguided men have taken the life of their best advocate. He, more than any other American, understood the needs of the Filipino people and the mischances which have fallen on those unhappy islands. In his larger heart, there was no room for hate. In the wide region of his life there was the free air where the eagle soars, but never the poisoned swamp where the snake hisses and the serpent stings. This made him a rare man for us in our crucial position in the East. A great name he leaves behind—unstained by meanness—or any petty strife. Lawton has gone to God, a gentleman unafraid. No name in all this war will shine with the lustre of so many virtues. We have lost many good men and true since we began the war with Spain. From the surf-beaten

beach and the white terror of ambushed reefs; from battlefields where life was flung away as if it had been no use; from fever cot and fetid swamp and phantom ship, their unconquered souls ascended. And none of these did go alone, shorn or unattended, but girt around with principalities and powers. They took their hopes, their love of country, their ideals hence, and made their dwelling place beside the eternal stars.

So did this valiant general die, not weak with age, not forgotten on the far frosty verge of eighty, but in the very heyday of a glorious manhood; not shrivelled by a long descent adown the declivity of lingering disease, but flushed with health and triumphant with victory, at the head of his untamable soldiers, with his face to the foe, and his manly heart opened to the deadly bullet, beating joyously in the vigor of the fight, he fell.

Honor and gratitude are the guerdon of such a name. Better than a new El Dorado every year are such examples to a nation that would be noble. Let his fame forever live in the glorious annals of the republic. It is out of such men that the hope of the world is built. They have, indeed, lain down in death; but their powers will never know decay. Their

bodies shall know corruption and the changes of the elements. They shall take new forms, and feel the heat of summer and the touch of frost, but they themselves shall never change, save with the change of growth. That which makes their individuality, dust never made and dust can never claim. This which gives them rank in the parliament of highest life shall never lie down in death, but shall remain erect, imperishable, like the old statue, which, with lofty mien, faced the east, and from whose lips music issued with the rising of every sun. Years came and went, and centuries grew apace; tribes perished, cities rose and fell. Even empires, whose boast was their duration, faded; but still the statue stood, the same look of chiselled majesty upon its brow; the same serenity of gaze; the same audible sweetness greeting each dawn through its untouched, unshrivelled, everlasting lips.

Thus does this unvanquished hero live. He touched the lowest ebb among the evening lights of San Mateo, and from that hour his life knows only an eternal flood. It is so sweet to die thus for the fatherland. So may the young men of the next century long to fall in the floodtide of of the soul. So be my hour of meeting God.



THE OUTCASTS AMONG BOOKS

• By Hayden Carruth

MANY authors have written of the charms of the old book shop, with its musty flavors and dusty shelves, where they have loved to linger, turning over the ancient volumes, touching some of them reverently, as they deserved, meeting many old friends, some new ones, rare, odd, forgotten tomes, the products of the brains of brother authors of the past. And our author delights to tell of the treasures he has found in these dusty though highly respectable gatherings—all with some relish of the saltiness of time; and not infrequently he runs on lovingly, giving the full particulars of the happy discovery of a rare and precious volume—it was found at So-and-so's little shop—in a cellar, perhaps—and here he digresses and tells us of So-and-so, of his spectacles, his gray hairs, his kindly smile—usually he makes him out a most remarkable old gentleman. Surely the old bookstore has ever had its full share of attention from author folk, but there is one thing about its wares that, so far as my reading goes, seems to have escaped them, though who can say what I might not find should I continue my search through these same long-shelved ranks of orphaned books? I mean the names—the inscriptions—the sentiments—on the fly-leaves of these wandering volumes.

"For my dear nephew, Will Arnold. From your loving Uncle James." Stand up, William Arnold! How comes it we find this battered "Heart of Mid-Lothian" from thy loving Uncle James here in this musty row? "For

my dear nephew!" Ha! what does it, then, wedged in here between Prof. Marigold's "Every Man his own Horse and Cattle Doctor," and the late Lindley Murray's great but unexciting work? "For my dear nephew, Will Arnold!" How happens it, dear Will, that I buy it now from this man for half a dollar? Answer promptly, why are these things? Thy uncle dead? The more reason you should keep his book. Forgot you in his will? Very likely—he had found you out—he knew you ought to be forgotten.

"Ellen Jarvis—From your brother Jack—Christmas, 1896." But three years—nay, not so much, not three—and it is here marked "eighty cents," Is brother Jack so soon forgot? Do you not remember how you smiled when big, good-natured brother Jack brought you the very book you wanted—Tennyson? How you reached up and patted his cheek and told him he was a good boy? But what would Jack say should he see me walking away with it now—for eighty cents? Neither the memory of dear Jack nor the poet's verse could save it; it went—for eighty cents. How soon are we forgotten, truly!

Ah! that we could find Shakespeare here, and flanked by Tupper and a treatise on the tides! But he came with the rest—perhaps under even more disreputable circumstances. "George H. Doughty: From Kittie C. 'The Elms,' June." And this in a little, timid hand, frightened at the great blank page, which trembled a little on the "George," but grew braver with "Kittie," "The Elms" and "June,"

and within these covers the story of Romeo and Juliet; yet it came to this. George, I would that I had the gift of eloquence, for I have much that I would say to you. But—mortal men, mortal men, all.

Tossed over to the back of the shelf, behind the row of tall, crowding volumes, deserted, trodden under foot of the great books, is a little black, leather-covered volume with flaps to protect the edges—a small pocket testament. "Frank—from Mother." That is all there is on the little thin fly leaf—there need be no more. Surely now, we can tell what brought this here. There is no date, but the giver could not have been forgotten this time—not with that word "Mother." We may forget our loving uncle, our dear brother, even Kittie—in June—but the fond memory of mother goes with us undimmed to the grave. Surely it must have been poverty—hunger—want keenly felt, that brought this little volume here bearing these words—"From Mother."

After all, it is entertaining, looking over the fly-leaves of old books. "From your loving father"—sold for one dollar five years afterwards. "With the best wishes of your teacher,"—brought forty cents. "With the hope that you may not forget your Aunt Martha." He didn't—he bethought himself of her six years later; next he remembered her book, then it occurred to him that books were bringing cash this year and he used his Aunt Martha's volume, which dear relative he had not forgotten even as she hoped, to bring him the sum of one dollar and a quarter.

What commentaries are these fly-leaves on friendship. The pleased smile which lights up my face when a dear friend gives me a favorite author—'tis only equalled by the glad expression which plays about my coun-

tenance when the second-hand man puts a dollar in my hand for it! 'Twere a little better, perhaps, to tear out the fly-leaf before we exchanged it at the second-hand book-stall for the latest paper novel. But though we smile and perhaps attempt to be sarcastic, we know not how often stern necessity, brought on by sad reverses of fortune, instead of forgetfulness, may make strange bed-fellows of these old books.

I love to become possessed of these ancient volumes with names and inscriptions on their fly-leaves. Half my books—little company of good spirits at the head of my household gods—have other names than my own on the fly-leaves. Nor are they the names of my friends. I will not borrow a book of a friend who has placed his name on the fly-leaf. It argues a lack of confidence in me.

John R. Marmaduke once owned my "Keats." He wrote one of these savage hands, large and haughty, in cold, black ink. His is not a name writ in water. Every stroke of the autograph seems to tell of the divinity that doth hedge about this Marmeduke. I read character in handwriting but indifferent well, but sometimes it seems to me that it is not strange that John R. Marmeduke parted with his "Keats." I fancy on occasion that perhaps John R. Marmeduke and the author of the "Eve of St. Agnes" were far apart. Understand me, I wish to do no injustice to John R. Marmeduke, but sometimes of an evening when I take down this volume of "Keats" and realize that I have it safe I cannot help feeling much as I suppose does the hero in the novel after he has rescued the fair, fragile, wild-rose heroine from the clutches of the Monster.

Time was when T. S. Hopkins owned my "Sketch Book." It was given to him on the occasion of his eighteenth

birthday, April 4, 1856, by his brother Albert. 'Twas but a foolish move in you, T. S., to let go so good a book, and one by which you could remember your brother Albert so pleasantly.

I blush for Donald McKinnon. There is no evidence in connection with his name, written in a round hand in my "Burns," that he did not buy the volume himself and have a right to dispose of it if he wished, but it was far from becoming in him thus to treat his countryman, that most sweet poet. Had I you here, Donald, I am sure I wad be far from "laith to rin and chase thee wi' murd'ring prattle." You would deserve it; it was but an ill deed to do, Donald.

"Jabez Herrick's book. From his father Jonathan Herrick, Jan'y the 20th., 1785, A. D." This in "Pope's Essay on Man." And you kept your father's gift well, Jabez, though the boards are a little cracked by the tooth of time, and the leaves are yellow. And you never took it to a second-hand book store, and, with head over shoulder to see that no one heard your unholy proposition, offered to sell it for a paltry sum. Not you, Jabez; but your descendants, without respect for essay, age, or ancestor, have done the deed. Thus the race degenerates, and the proof is borne in upon us that we live in but fallen times.

On the half-torn leaf of "Great Expectations" is this: "Lizzie Mathews: Your true friend Mate." Subsequently she caused the volume to be raised to the top shelf of a second-hand dealer as a monument to her true friend. Couldst find no enjoyment in little Pip, Mistress Mathews? Didst not care to go out with him on the marshes when the morning mists were rising and meet the terrible convict from the Hulks, and watch him kneel behind the gravestones in the grass

and file, file, file, at the great iron on his leg? Carest thou not to be brought up by hand? 'Twere better then, perhaps, that you disposed of the book as you did.

"For my nephew Bert, on his thirteenth birthday." Ah, you little thought, Bert, I wad warrant, when you read these wonderful "Arabian Nights Entertainments" for the first time, that you would some day sell them for next to nothing. You kept not true to the dreams of thy youth, as the sage advised, or you would never have done it. True Mussulman were you then, and sworn to the faith, for you lived

"In the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Then were you a true follower of the good Caliph, but the tide of time—the forward flowing tide of time—flowed not back with you any more and never again did you so much as stand in the presence of that mighty but just ruler. Ah, why can I not ever read Scheherazade's enchanting tales and do naught but float away adown the Tigris? I should have lived then by "Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold," and that "sweetest lady of her time" should have told me of the Valley of Diamonds and of the Black Isles; of the Barmecide's Feast and of the Wonderful Lamp; of Ali Baba and of Sindbad; of the Genii, the Roc's Egg, the Open Sesame! I should have listened ever, no thought of time, to her low, sweet voice like evening music floating from far across one of her own enchanted lakes, from unseen musicians, while the moonbeams just rested on the placid water with a fairy touch; and there should have been no fear of Giafar and Mesrour to make that voice tremble ever so little; but, perhaps had there been no Giafar and Mesrour there never had been any Thousand and One Nights.

WHY THE BUZZARD BOARDS.



A

LL dem birds dey has a nest,
Cept it is des one—
He'd like to have a place to rest,
But den he ain't got none!

E'vy bird do have its nest but one. But didn't
dey have double trouble choosin' dem nests in de
fust times!

Dem fust times de nests was hung on a haw
hedge, rows and rows of 'em, same like new bonnets
hangs to be pick and chose from.

De birds dey flock dar.
Fust come, fust choose.

Fust man come was Mister Buzzard, but he won't
choose none. He hard to suit. He step, a-hop,
a-hop, a-flop! to de row of nests, he say:

No, thank yer! None!
Not one! Not one!

He stick his big head in de softest, prettiest one.
He look at it wid fust one eye, den wid t'o'her eye:
You call dis good? Do you?

I don't. Fer true! Fer true!
But dee o'her birds all jined a-singin':

Yes! Yes! Yes!
Very fine nes'!

So de hummin'-bird she fly up so still, so swif',
and she choose that nes' and fly off wid hit.

Den dar was n' o'her nes' hangin', rockin' like
li'l cradle.

What ole Brer Buzzard do but kill hisse'f
a-laughin':

Haw! haw! haw!
Caw! Caw! Caw!

Oriole come 'long: What's de matter, Mister
Buzzard?

I laugh at de funnies' nes' I ever saw!

Haw! haw! haw!

Oriole don't mind Brer Buzzard laughin', she
know a good nes' when she see it; and so she flew
off wid dat nes'.

Den thrush come to de haw-tree,
and dar on de topmos' limb thrush see
a nes' big at de top and slopin' to
mos' nothin' at de bottom. She set to
singin':

A pretty nes'!

De very bes'!

Buzzard croak:

Pretty house? Pretty house?

'Tain't fitten fer a mouse!

Thrush des content herse'f and
sing on:

Maybe! Maybe!

Yit hit suit me! Suit me!

So thrush flew off wid dat nes' and
twel yit hit suit her and her folks.

So in and through 'mong de birds
hit went, pick and choose twel all was
fit and suit. Den heah pretty late
come de mockin'-bird. She find des
a rough lookin' nes' left hangin' on de
haw-tree, des like mos' only a bunch
of sticks.

Buzzard laugh when he see mock-
in'-bird lookin' at dat, he croak:

Dat's des a bundle er sticks!

Dat's in a mighty bad fix!

I could knock dat to pieces in des
two licks.

Mockin'-bird sing:

How come you laugh so! Laugh
so! Laugh so!

Buzzard croak:

I laugh at dat home!

I ruther had roam

Dan live in sech home!

But mockin'-bird sing sweetly still:

O no! O no!

Please don't say so!

Den off she flew wid dat nes', and
dough hit was las' of de lot and mighty
rough, she made hit de sweetest home
of all wid her sweet singin'.

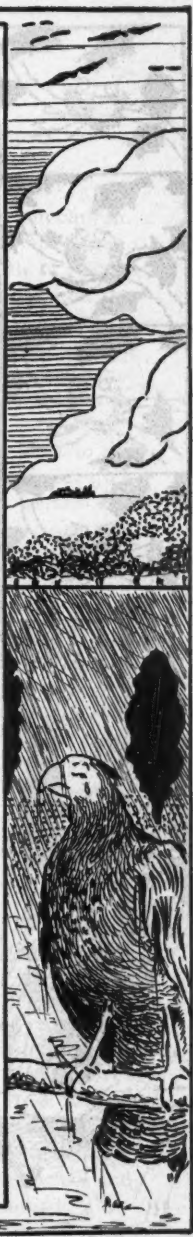
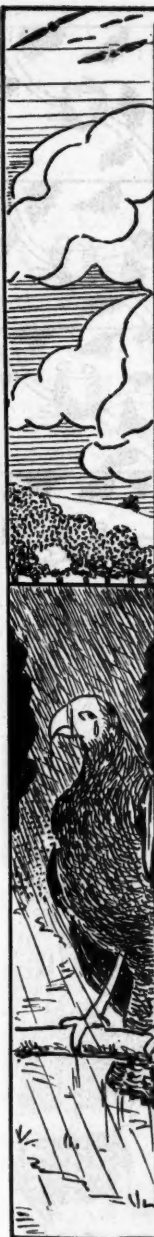
Den caze Mister Buzzard done los'
all caze er bein' so hard to suit, all de
birds took up de same chune fer onct,
—des' so:


O! O! O!

You let de time pass,

Fer dat was de las'!

Brer Buzzard he was de moes'





sorry, but he made like he don't keer.
He go and set on de top-rail of de
fence—twel yit he love to set dar.

Twel yit he got no nes'. Twel
yit he got no place to res'. He ain't
got no home. He 'bleeged to roam.
Ev'y day his wings gits stronger.
Ev'y day his journeys git longer. He
do wisht he had chose a home. When
you see him up yonder gwine des so:

See-saw! See-saw!

When you see him gwine des dat
way 'way up 'ginst de sky—he's lookin'
de world over right den fer a home.

Ev'y rainy day dat comes de
buzzards all set in a row on de ole
rail-fence—and de fust one say to de
nex' one:

I'm gwine ter build me a house

In de mornin'!

To'her one say to de y'o'her one:

I'm gwine build me a house in de
mornin'!

Mornin'!

Ev'y buzzard turn to de nex' one
all down de line, and ev'y one say to
de y'o'her:

I'm gwine ter build me a house in
de mornin'!

Mornin'!

But watch 'em nex' day when de
sun come out. Dar dey is—all de
buzzard fambly see-sawin' up in de
highe's sky.



Dey so used to roamin' dat dey
can't settle down. Dey sails in de
highe's sunshine, and ev'y one says to
de nex' one:

Dis is better 'n any house!

Dis is better 'n any house!

De Buzzard fambly holds to dis
good day dat hit is better to board
dan to bother—dat is, when de sun's
a-shinin'.

Eli Shepperd



AN OLD VALENTINE

By Elizabeth Arthur

MISS RUTH STEWART'S house was closed, and the owner spending the winter in the South, when Philip Raymond, with his only son Claude, came back to the village, where, years ago, he and she had been playmates and good comrades in their youth.

Life had not prospered Philip Raymond; his wife had died in her youth, his business and health had failed. Claude, his gifted and brilliant boy, was the one ray of light in a sombre picture; Claude, with his love and talent for music, that was not far short of genius, was studying at a famous German conservatory, when his father became seriously ill, and the young fellow returned to America just in time to be with his father for the last few weeks of his life. When Miss Stewart came back and heard of her old friend's death, and of the son, now alone in the world—he was still staying in the village.

"It is very sad for Claude," the rector's wife had said. "They were everything to each other, and, besides, Claude has had to give up thoughts of going back to Germany—a great disappointment, I know. Mr. Raymond left nothing, and Claude feels that he must set to work at once. He is to try teaching, if he can secure any scholars. He is brave about it all, and does not show as much disappointment as he feels, I fancy. I think him quite a genius, don't you? And he composes charming little things."

"He has a most beautiful touch," Miss Ruth said, warmly. The two

ladies were walking home from church, where Claude had played the organ.

It was towards the middle of February; all the world was white, and the air was so sharp that Miss Ruth was glad to turn up the bordered avenue to her fine old house. She had been rather preoccupied after the conversation.

Old times came vividly back to her mind, pleasant memories of her girlhood, of Philip, and the games and parties they had enjoyed together. Philip!—she saw his face again in the refined, handsome features and earnest eyes of the young musician.

She was a rich woman, and of generous impulses—one whose many charities even the rector only half suspected. If her left hand knew what her right hand did, the knowledge seldom went further. Now she was planning to help Claude, to send him to Germany, as he wished, but how should she offer such assistance?

"I remember how proud Philip used to be," she thought. "If Claude is like him, he will hardly accept a favor. However, it must be managed somehow," she decided.

She went up to her room, and from a high shelf in her closet took down an inlaid writing desk, in which girlish treasures had been stored for over twenty years. She took from among the motley collection gathered there a square envelope addressed in a large, boyish hand to Miss Ruth Stewart, and drew from it an old-fashioned valentine, whose white lace paper ornamentation and wreath of forget-me-nots, tied with a true-lover's knot,

were yellowing a little with age. On the inside page were these lines:

*"Take the little gift I send,
Offering from a true, dear friend;
Flow'rets blue I intertwine,
And send you for a valentine."*

Just such a sentimental verse as might be found in any old valentine, but somehow it had been very dear to her.

The valentine had been from Philip the last year he was at home—left at the door in the evening, according to an old custom in the town. As she looked at it thirty years slipped away, and she was seventeen again.

"Valentines have gone out of fashion since my day," she sighed. "Well, never mind. One more shall be sent." The next day was the 14th—St. Valentine's Day.

After a trip to town, to the bank, that morning, Miss Ruth found the winter day all too long. That evening, hastily slipping into her warm fur jacket, she stole out, with a queer feeling, as of one bound upon some dark and mysterious errand.

The stars were watching in a clear, cold sky—the same old stars that had looked upon her with Philip—with eyes that twinkled as she hurried down the avenue to the cottage where Claude lived.

The sweet, dreamy tones of a Chopin nocturne reached her as she approached the house. The window-shades were partly up, but the light within was dim, just a candle on the piano relieving the darkness of the room. Miss Ruth stole quietly to the door, slipped a square envelope over the threshold, rang, and ran away fleet and shy as a young girl. Near the road was a great chestnut tree, and behind its protecting trunk Miss Ruth, with a beating heart, watched.

The music ceased abruptly, and the young musician came to the door, looked out rather blankly into the

darkness, and turned to go in again, when his eyes fell on the white square at his feet. He picked it up, with a surprised ejaculation of "Well, I declare! What's this?"

The door closed. Miss Ruth hurried from her hiding place home, reaching it breathless, and with a queer mixture of feeling, between victorious elation and an embarrassed sense of having done something absurdly foolish and sentimental.

As for the young musician's emotions when he saw the contents of the envelope, so surprisingly left for him, they were beyond description. He had seated himself at the piano again and was looking at an old-fashioned valentine of lace paper and forget-me-nots. Between its leaves was a thick layer of new bills, whose size fairly startled him as he turned them over mechanically. A small slip of paper, with "To complete your musical education" written on it, explained their purpose.

The last few months had been hard ones—how hard, Claude began to realize, as he looked at this gift from an unknown hand, which had opened again the way into the beautiful, glorious future of which he had dreamed. How comforting, too, in his loneliness, this assurance of some one's interest, sent so delicately in the old valentine. Who was the friend? He could not even guess, but he determined to know some day and to express the gratitude that was in his heart.

"The money shall be a loan," he said. "In the future—oh, I shall work so hard, I will repay that—but the old valentine—" tears came into his eyes; then, until far into the night, the old piano resounded with joyous notes and songs of triumph.

It was strange that Claude should



"An old-fashioned valentine, with white lace paper ornamentations and wreath of forget-me-nots tied with a true lover's knot."

have guessed so soon who was the sender of the valentine, but the problem was solved in a very simple way. It looking over his father's belongings a few days afterward he came across an old volume of poems. On the fly-leaf was an inscription, "From his friend, Ruth Stewart." The fine, delicate handwriting was the same as that on the slip of paper in the valentine.

Miss Stewart was not a stranger to him in name. He had often heard of her from his father and lately had seen her in the village.

"Miss Stewart, father's playmate when he was just a little fellow!" he exclaimed. "I must go to see her at once."

He went that evening. Miss Stewart was sitting in the library reading when he was ushered in.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Raymond," was her quiet greeting. Claude took her offered hand, wondering if he could ever summon up courage to say what he desired to say to the reserved, middle-aged lady before him. Suppose he should have made a mistake!

"I have come to see you, Miss Stewart," he said rather awkwardly, as he took the seat she offered him, "for I have often heard my father speak of you after he came here. He recalled many good old days at this house. I hope you will not consider it an intrusion."

"I am extremely glad to meet my old friend's son," Miss Ruth assured him cordially. "You are very like him," she added. "Has he found out that I sent him the valentine?" she wondered.

Claude spoke of his plans and fu-

ture, yet the question trembling on his lips remained unasked until just as he rose to go.

"Miss Stewart," he said impulsively, as he took her hand to bid her good night, "I received the most delightful surprise of all my life on Valentine's eve." She looked away, and he continued impetuously. "Miss Stewart, have you ever seen a sweet old valentine, or read the lines:

*'Take this little gift I send;
Offering of a true, dear friend.
Flow'rets blue I intertwine,
And send you for a valentine.'*"

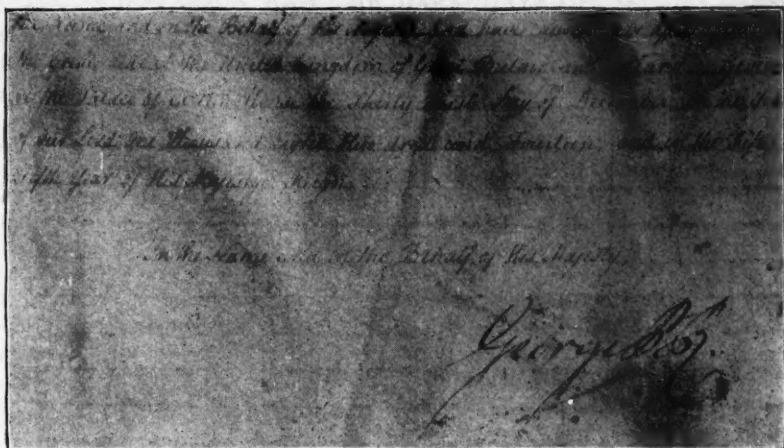
"Yes," she answered simply, "I hope you won't reject an old friend's valentine, now that the secret is out" she added more lightly.

"I will treasure it always," Claude exclaimed warmly. "You are the kindest person in the world, Miss Stewart. But I must tell you that the money is to be a loan—you will allow that, I am sure. Your goodness to me I can never repay."

Later, Miss Ruth noticed some lovely forget-me-nots that had been left in a blue and white jar on the hall table.

Claude went back to Germany very soon, but not before he and Miss Ruth had become warm friends, and she felt more interest in his plans and future than she would have thought possible. Letters came often from Germany after his departure, enthusiastic odes, his work and progress. On the following St. Valentine's day, Miss Stewart received a roll of music. It was the first published composition of the young musician—a fascinating little piece with a quaint and pleasing melody and an atmosphere of dreamy tenderness over it all. It was inscribed to Miss Ruth Stewart, and was entitled, "An Old Valentine."





Signature on the Treaty of Ghent, concluding the War of 1812 with Great Britain. Here published for the first time

JEFFERSON AND THE DARK DAYS OF '14

By O. S. Borne

This is the Second of a Remarkable Series of Articles on the Twelve Epoch-Making Events of the Century in our National History, that are of Special and Timely Interest in Relation to Public Affairs of To-day

ON a dark and stormy night in the latter part of December, 1814, Thomas Jefferson sat alone in his library at Monticello. The rest of the household had long since retired. In the strains of his beloved violin, now wild, now tender, he had sought to drown the memory of the past and forebodings for the future. Now he had put the instrument aside, the bow had fallen unheeded to the floor, and with his head bowed upon his hand he meditated. The contempla-

The culminating crisis centered about the dark days of 1814, when Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was almost ready to give up in despair. The Barbary Treaty, the Louisiana Purchase and the War of 1812, in which the seeds of secession were sown, was the supreme test of our national institutions, and out of this grew the Monroe Doctrine, which established our national prestige beyond the precariousness that followed our independence, when America threw off the alluring temptations of the bloody French revolution. The first of this series, "Napoleon and the Louisiana Purchase," appeared in the January issue.

tion of private and public disaster was appalling. After a nearly continuous public service of forty-four years, he had retired to private life, so seriously impoverished that he was not sure of being allowed to leave Washington without arrest by his creditors. His salary as president of the United States had not nearly sufficed to meet his expenses. He had left the office so heavily in debt that only by the kindness of friends was he protected from the baneful anxieties that followed him to his death. The dark shadow of the most threatening period of our national existence lay like a funeral pall upon the country. Look which way he would, there seemed no gleam of hope. The national capital lay in ashes. The

towns on the New England coast were ravaged and despoiled. From the south and west came news of British victories. The country was groaning under the burden of excessive taxation. Values had depreciated to the vanishing point. Perry's victory on Lake Erie was the only gleam of brightness to be discerned.

And now the Hartford convention was in progress. What the outcome of their deliberations might be no man could know; but the perpetuity of American institutions trembled in the balance. In New England, the birthplace of our national liberties, the first insidious seeds of states sovereignty were sown.

The towns along the New England coast had been exposed to hostile invasion by the British naval forces. Several towns had been captured. In some places millions of dollars worth of property had been destroyed. The whole extent of the coast had been essentially abandoned by the United States troops, and its entire defense thrown upon the individual states, who had large bodies of men in the field guarding the towns, defending the ports, and protecting the inhabitants, at a sacrifice that was never paralleled in the darkest days of the revolution.

The Federal government had withdrawn all supplies for the militia, and forced the states to support their own men in the national service, in addition to providing for their own defense.

When the Hartford convention had been in session a few weeks the packet despatches from the commissioners at Ghent were published, showing that such extravagant demands were made by the British, as the basis of negotiations, that there was scarcely a ray of hope that peace would be obtained, but on February 18, 1815, the President

transmitted a message to both houses of Congress, laying before them copies of the treaty of peace and amity between the United States and Great Britain, which had been signed by the commissioners of both parties at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814. The treaty did not contain even a remote mention of the cause of contention. While the letter of the treaty failed, the moral force of our naval achievements accomplished what our armies and our diplomats had failed to secure.

After the formation of the Constitution of the United States by the convention of 1787, and before its adoption by the several states, the country became divided into two political parties—the friends and the opponents of the Constitution.

In these days there are Imperialists and anti-Imperialists. Then, there were Federalists and anti-Federalists. One party, in favor of the establishment of a Federal government, took the name of Federalists, while those who were opposed to the form of government set forth in the Constitution, took the name of anti-Federalists. Under these titles, when the Constitution had been adopted, and was about to commence its operations, these parties arrayed themselves in Congress.

For the first eight years the Federalists, with the illustrious Washington at their head, were in the majority. They were able to pursue the policy which in their judgment was best for the great interests of the Union. No party of statesmen were ever placed in a more responsible situation. On their wisdom and integrity depended the prosperity and happiness of the unnumbered millions who might thereafter inhabit this portion of the Western continent.

The head of the anti-Federal party

United States and entered upon the office of secretary of state, expressing in his letter of acceptance the highest regard for Washington, and the utmost loyalty to his purposes. After three years' service he resigned, having previously submitted to Congress a report which laid the foundations of resolutions which were avowedly designed to detach the United States from their commercial relations with Great Britain, and transfer their foreign trade to France.

It would appear that it was a part of Mr. Jefferson's policy to promote and nurture a feeling of antagonism against the mother country. When the treaty of 1794 was negotiated, he opposed its ratification. When the term of years covered by the treaty expired, soon after he became president, though the British government

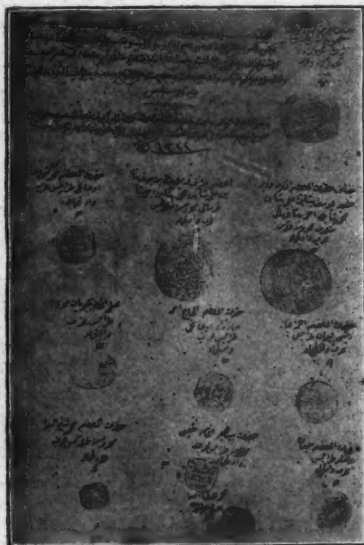
repeatedly offered to renew it, he instructed his minister at that court to decline the offer. Thus he left the important subject of the trade to the British colonies exposed to the bickerings which must naturally grow out of such an unsettled state of affairs.

The treaty agreed upon with Great Britain in 1806 was rejected by Mr. Jefferson without even submitting it to Congress, professedly on the ground that it contained no stipulation against impressment. The impressment of American seamen by the British had been the basis of just complaint almost from the beginning of the French revolutionary wars. This rejection left open the abuses of impressment, until the matter became the only existing grounds of open war with Great Britain. That war, in the course of two years and a-half, cost the United States from thirty to fifty thousand lives, and more than a hundred millions of dollars.

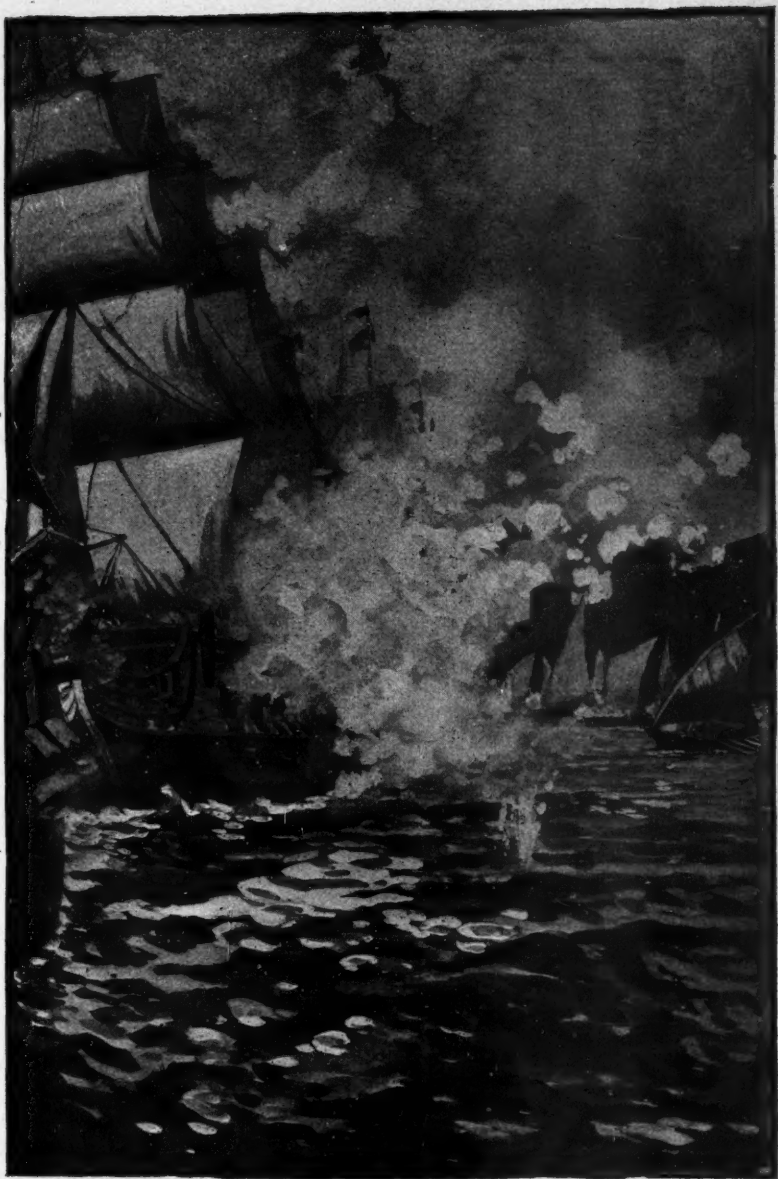
* * *

Leading up to this epoch was the naval war with the pirate Barbary States, in which the Americans were first fired with ambition to demonstrate their prowess on the high seas. While other European nations paid tribute in ransoms to the Mediterranean Moors, America stood for a fight, and was the chief factor in driving piracy from the highways of commerce. This experience served the country well in the naval achievements of 1812.

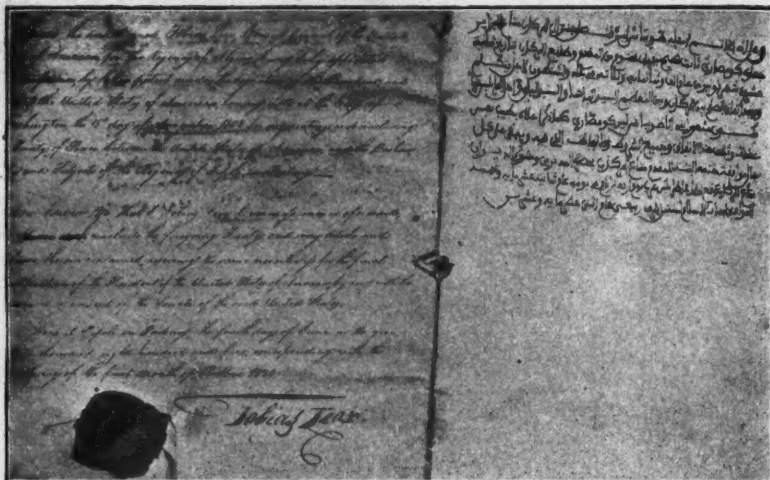
On September 10, 1804, Commodore Banon arrived at Tripoli with the "President" and "Constellation," and Commodore Preble, who had reduced the fortress and disabled the fleet of the Tripolitans, returned in the "John Adams" to America. With his depar-



Signatures and seals of the rulers of the various Barbary States in the treaty with the United States. Here published for the first time.



The naval conflict at Tripoli, where American ships attacked the Moorish pirates, when all European nations hesitated in taking a decided stand against piracy. The old "Constitution," now in Boston Harbor, shown in the foreground.



The signature and seal of the famous Barbary treaty signed in 1805 by Tobias Lear, formerly private secretary to Washington. The writing on the right is inscribed in Arabic. This is the first time this has ever appeared outside the State Department at Washington.

ture ended the active operations of the war.

Meanwhile, General Eaton, who had returned from America empowered to treat with the exiled Hamet Bashaw, the rightful ruler of Tripoli, had visited Egypt, induced Hamet Bashaw to enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive with the United States, and organized a force amounting in all to a little over 400 men.

These he led, under many difficulties, from Alexandria to Boruba, where the "Argus" and "Hornet" met him with ammunition, provisions and some money. On the 27th of April, General Eaton, aided by the fire of the fleet, attacked Derne, and carried the citadel by assault.

General Eaton and Hamet Bashaw, with the help of the fleet, defeated every attempt to retake Derne until June 13, 1805, when the United States frigate "Constellation" arrived with letters from Commodore Rogers and Colonel Tobias Lear, formerly private

secretary to President Washington, announcing the conclusion of peace with the Bashaw of Tripoli. It seems incredible, but in the face of capture of Derne by Eaton and his engagement to Hamet Bashaw, and the fact that the American fleet was stronger and more formidable than ever, Colonel Lear actually consented to purchase the ransom of two hundred American captives at a cost of \$60,000, thereby re-establishing the old conditions, and ensuring the renewal of the piracies of the past.

These ceased not until in 1816, Lord Exmouth with a powerful fleet, aided by a Dutch squadron under Admiral Van Capellan, bombarded Algiers, and crumbled its citadel and batteries into dust. The humbled corsair was glad to assent to a peace whereby all prisoners were released, all ransoms paid within the year were returned, and the holding of Christian slaves in the Barbary states abolished forever.

THE TREASURES OF PHARAOH

By Howard Reynolds

IT was a day of excitement in the Jefferson Market Court room in New York during the Spring session of the past year. Custom, and my official position as stenographer, had made me callous to the nervous tension of a capital case when, amidst the hubbub of a wrangle between opposing counsel, I chanced to raise my eyes a moment from the ruled white sheets before me.

I met the full gaze of a pair of black eyes far back among the spectators. Someone had evidently been watching me intently for some time. After a few moments I involuntarily glanced again, and this time noted more in detail the face of my observer. The skin was tawny and the nose hooked. A black moustache and slight goatee; evidently a foreigner.

Then the jury came in, and amid the bustle of receiving the verdict, all else was forgotten.

At nightfall, however, as I issued from the court house, I felt my elbow lightly plucked, and at my shoulder, under a big slouched hat, again appeared the swarthy face.

Into my hand a card was thrust, on which I wonderingly read: "Dr. Alhamid, 277 Waverly Place," and in the corner the strange words, "Professional Enigmatist."

While I stood staring at this, half way down the steps of the court house, the tall, slim gentleman at my side spoke, in a suave and cultured tone.

"I would like to see you the first evening you are disengaged, to undertake a case of unusual difficulty."

Without waiting for a reply, he in-

stantly disappeared amid the dispersing throng of officials and court house loungers.

Curiosity, quite as much as any business necessity, brought me to the home of this strangely announced person, within a day or two.

I found it in one of those curious little parks of the old section of the city, which are quiet and almost deserted after nightfall.

I was ushered, by the servant, into a low-studded room, just off the main hall, which was lined to the ceiling with glass-fronted book-cases. A substantial old fireplace, in which a fine, hard-wood fire blazed hospitably, was flanked on either hand by a table and secretary, both piled high with a bewildering collection of books, microscopes, test tubes and scientific instruments.

With the entrance of Dr. Alhamid, however, I confess that critical observance of my surroundings was at once interrupted by his still more peculiar personality.

Said he: "I am a strange man, in a strange business. I am a professional solver of mysteries. People who are at their very wit's ends come to me to solve their enigmas. Long ago I could have been rich. But it is not for the pay which I receive, but for the problem—always the problem!

"I will freely give a man more for a new and really ingenious problem, simply for the joy of conquering it, than he can possibly make out of my successful solution.

"But most people's biggest wishes are so very paltry," he added in a tone of

disgust. "A little more money, a quicker way to spend it, an easier method of beggaring a competitor, perhaps a quicker way to put an end to themselves!"

I looked at him curiously as he spoke on, in a quiet tone. He seemed so far above the ordinary aims of life. Even his personal presence seemed to carry a force and knowledge superior to that of other men.

"A gang of counterfeiters came to me a while ago," he resumed. "Cheap law-breakers after a little worldly gain. But they had a problem, and it amused me to work it out for them.

"They brought me a round steel die, representing a coin. They said its execution was the handwork of months. And even then it was never quite like the original. Could I shorten the time, they asked, say to a week or two?"

"Could I?" The problem pleased me.

"I would do it, not in weeks, nor yet in minutes, even, but in the twinkling of an eye.

"From the little court outside I secured a single tender maple leaf, and then I called these thieving gentry into my laboratory. I laid the leaf upon a block of steel. Upon the leaf I placed a small, brown lump. I touched it off. There was a sharp explosion and the leaf had disappeared.

On the steel was a perfect impression of every vein and stem and fibre of the maple leaf. It was an old experiment in physics. But the precious rascals in my company had never heard of it. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'it is a very simple thing. Lay the silver coin you desire to imitate, upon a block of die steel. Place on top a half stick of dynamite. Touch it off. Take a similar coin and treat the opposite side precisely in the same man-

ner, and you have a pair of dies, that are absolute in duplication of the originals.'

"That," said Dr. Alhamid in a whisper, "was the real reason for the withdrawal from circulation of the trade dollar!"

"But," he continued, after a moment, "engraving with dynamite some way pleased my fancy. It was so odd, so different from the painstaking grind of the engraver's magnifying glass and tiny tool."

Suddenly he roused himself and looked keenly into my face.

"I have a project on foot in which I require your assistance," said he. "I noticed your work in court and see that excitement and turmoil do not affect you, and I must have a man who can take down, absolutely and accurately, the words he hears, no matter what happens."

I said I thought I could, provided I was not in too immediate proximity with dynamite.

He smiled as he replied, "It will be a matter more trying to the nerves than to the courage."

Wheeling to the old-fashioned secretary, after some burrowing around among a vast collection of papers, he produced a printed schedule of sailing dates of trans-Atlantic liners. "I shall want you," said he, after referring to this, "about the 20th of next month. I will send word to you the day before."

"What I am after," said he, in a confidential tone, "are the treasures of Pharaoh. It will be a most fascinating problem. Good night."

The next moment I was out under the quiet starlight. Nothing had been said by either of us about pay. But here was a man who seemed to have the golden touch, to whom money was valueless. And he was after the treasures of Pharaoh! I

floated home in a dream of opulence.

To say that the intervening month dragged with leaden feet would be putting it mildly. The mystery and excitement of it finally drove almost all other ideas from my head. On the face of it, the proposition seemed an absurdity. On the other hand, the learned doctor certainly must have some definite, consistent plan, which he was following out with unerring directness.

Notwithstanding all, I will admit a shock of genuine surprise when promptly on the 20th of the month I received the following note:

"DiFenola on hand. Preparations all complete. Most interesting problem. Ten, to-morrow evening."

"Hum, that's clear," I mused. "But who the deuce is DiFenola? What do we want of another man in this thing?"

I was thoroughly out of humor all day, feeling a personal injury in the advent of this unwelcome intruder, even though sober second-thought told me that Dr. Alhamid must probably have far more need of the newcomer than of me.

At all events, the stroke of ten had not died away before I stood upon the threshold of the Doctor's door. I noticed in his face, even under its impassive calm, a certain tinge of eagerness. He cordially grasped my hand and drew me into his study.

There I found, standing with his back to the open fireplace, a man of medium height, rather bald, with a bulging forehead, prominent eyes, and a sparse grayish moustache. He was clad in sober black, and looked to me like a college professor.

This gentleman, introduced to me as Professor DiFenola, greeted me courteously, and the door having been locked, we three were seated about the cheery open hearth.

"Perhaps it is just as well," began the professional enigmatist, in a confidential tone, "that we should have a little preliminary explanation—a sort of verbal rehearsal, as it were—of the project which we are to undertake to-night. This young man," he resumed, indicating me by a gesture, "is an accomplished short-hand writer, accustomed to make accurate records of anything said.

"Your part," pursued the doctor, addressing me, "will be comparatively simple. You are to sit quietly at a desk and transcribe, word for word, precisely what the professor dictates. On the other hand, we must rely on your absolute secrecy. The professor is the Curator of the National Museum of Antiquities, and for reasons which you will soon see, his connection with this matter must not be betrayed. I have chosen him, not only for his linguistic attainments—as he is familiar with over thirty languages, more especially Egyptian, which is absolutely necessary in our case—but also for an ability which he alone possesses, to secure an unique opportunity for us."

"By the way," interrupted Professor DiFenola, addressing me, "can you take down Egyptian?"

"I shall do exceedingly well if I get everything you have to say in good straight English," I replied.

"Then I shall translate as I go along," replied DiFenola. "Very well, so long as it is understood at the start."

"All right, then," interrupted Dr. Alhamid. "We are well on our way to the treasures of Pharaoh. Now, listen to what I say, young man, and in a few words I will give you an outline of the entire project.

"In the first place, I suppose you know that modern surgery, with the

aid of phrenology, has succeeded in localizing the functions of the brain." The professor nodded gravely in confirmation.

"In other words, if a man's arm is paralyzed we know just what lobe of the brain is diseased or under pressure. If he cannot speak we know just where to look for the tiny clot of blood which controls his silence. Also if we want to make an insensible or dead man contract a certain muscle we know just where to clap on the magnetic handles of a medical battery. So far, very good. But that was purely the galvanic effect of an electric battery.

"From the commonplace collection of terrestrial magnetism in a Leyden jar or its latest development, the storage battery, it is only a step to the gathering of animal magnetism, in a suitable receptacle. Now, when you discharge a current of the latter into a brain you get a still higher manifestation of action, even approaching actual intelligence. I have succeeded in collecting and storing in this manner sufficient animal magnetism—or human electricity, it may be called—to charge a six-cell battery of proper construction.

"Professor DiFenola's part is no less important," he continued. "He has but just arrived from abroad, where he has been collecting Egyptian antiquities. It was absolutely impossible to secure for our experiment Pharaoh himself, or Rameses II., as he is known to historians, as he is in the British Museum. But," he added, his face glowing with satisfaction, "the professor has managed to secure, ostensibly for the institution which he represents, the veritable mummy of his oldest child, the Princess Mneptah, in a magnificent state of preservation. He has had her secretly shipped here, before being delivered

to the Museum, and upon her to-night will the experiment be made.

"Are you ready? Then let us go to the laboratory." He stepped to a handsome glass-fronted bookcase, built into the corner. Sliding a concealed bolt, he pushed the case, which parted noiselessly into halves, each swinging backward until a narrow spiral stair was revealed, leading downwards. This we descended, and thirty feet below opened a door into a large vaulted stone apartment, from the ceiling of which a single powerful reflector-lamp cast a brilliant radiance. Directly in the circle of its light stood, half reclined upon a trestle, an elaborately decorated mummy case. A little at one side was a heavy work-table, covered with electrical instruments, tools and books, while the sides and corners of the room, in dim obscurity, were cluttered with mysterious contrivances.

The doctor produced a chair and made a little room on one corner of the table for me. Professor DiFenola, in the meantime, had been standing in rapt contemplation of the ornate hieroglyphics which liberally adorned the wooden mummy case. As we turned to him, he commenced slowly reading, one by one, the characters.

"First," said he, "comes the symbol of life, with outspread wings, ball and serpents; then the cartouche or seal-sign of the occupant, and then the text, in hieroglyphics, as follows: 'The Princess Mneptah, first-born of Phra-Ra (or Pharaoh, as we call it), daughter of the sun, of the Ram-esu (or dynasty of Rameses) my daughter of the silence who should reign; who ('came,' is inferred) to death the seventh disaster (or 'wonder') of the magician risen among the captives, sparing none.'

"Then follows the cartouche of Rameses, and the idiographs of the

gods Osiris and Pasht, and across the bottom a row of the sacred apes.

"This," said the professor, impressively, "was the crown princess, at that remote age, of Egypt, and she died in the last great plague, described in Exodus: 'And all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne even unto the first-born of the maidservant that is behind the mill, and all the first-born of beasts.'

"But now to work," resumed DiFenola, briskly, and taking a chisel he pried apart the wooden mummy case, which gave forth a strong scent of cedar and bitumen.

This outer envelope fell away, disclosing a figure of surpassingly fine proportions, even seen through the swathings of fine linen, tawny with its age of centuries. The face-mask, modelled upon the dead countenance beneath, was a delicately frail plate of pure beaten gold, so thin as to take the impress as perfectly as a cast from wax.

"Now, professor," said Dr. Alhamid, "if you will remove the wrappings from the head I can go on with my experiment;" and he handed over a keen pair of surgical scissors.

The long, narrow linen bandages rustled as they were slowly unwound and dropped to the ground by Professor DiFenola. Meanwhile the doctor, fussing among his instruments and apparatus, gave a disjointed talk upon the experiment.

"You see," he remarked, "nobody has yet hit upon this simple thing because they have stopped too soon. When they used ordinary electricity they obtained muscular contraction and expansion, to be sure, but no intelligence. This, my collection of animal magnetism—real vital force—will supply from live human beings. But supposing they had accomplished

all this, still they would have failed. Simply because they went like a child to a church organ and pressed the keys. The result, no sound; and why? No wind. Now the Princess' vocal chords are not destroyed; they are all there; but it is useless to make the brain contract them unless—see here!" and he patted a large-sized bicycle air pump, firmly secured to one of the table legs, and from which depended a long, flexible rubber tube.

I commenced dimly to get some idea of what was coming, and grew a little nervous over the weird preparations.

"But will she really be alive?" asked I, with a shudder.

"Not at all," said the doctor, brusquely. "You understand that this electricity, like any other kind, always seeks to manifest itself through its suitable channel. If a live person lends you the use of his brain for the manifestation of your animal magnetism you call it hypnotism. You simply borrow the man's brain for the time being. All we are going to do is to borrow the Princess Mneptah's brain and hypnotize a dead person."

At that moment DiFenola stood back. The face of the Princess looked into ours—a face, the beauty and commanding dignity of which, haunted me for days. Its complexion was a fine olive, the cheeks full and round; the black eyebrows arched grandly above the straight, regal nose. The brow was all princess, but the mouth was tender, gracious and maidenly. It was sealed, like her nostrils, with a delicate line of greenish wax.

"Perfect! perfect!" exclaimed the doctor, rapturously. Then, taking from a shelf a plaster phrenological head, marked off into squares and sections, he set it on the table for reference, and producing a pair of steel

compasses, he approached the Princess. Making a few general measurements of the skull, he struck several intersecting circles from the outer corner of the eye and from the ear, marked, upon the smooth, black hair, two small spots with some white pigment, and then turned again to the table.

Taking therefrom two green silk-covered wires, leading from a battery of cells, he dipped the sponges into a sealed jar, which when opened smelled vaguely of myrrh, or some other Eastern drug. This done, he secured the handles, by circular springs, over the two spots on the Princess' head. "For our purposes," said he, "I place them upon the organs of speech and secretiveness. She was heiress to the throne, and she knew the secrets of state and the location of the royal treasure house."

From the work-table Dr. Alhamid picked up a keen surgeon's scalpel.

Poising the glittering blade under the bright light, he raised it to the dusky throat and with a quick thrust made a small incision.

Even DiFenola, the man of science, shuddered; while I clutched the table edge and turned away.

When I looked again, the smooth, white hose from the air pump had been inserted.

The doctor stepped to the pump-handle, and as he swept it up and down the air gushed out of the nostrils and lips of the royal mummy with a horrible soft hiss.

It was a grewsome and terrifying sight, but I nerved myself for the end.

"All right!" called the doctor, sharply, with a keen glance around at his assistants.

DiFenola took his place directly face to face with the dead, his eyes riveted upon the silent lips. I seized a fresh pencil, and drew my notebook close.

"Ready, everybody!" came the next command.

In one hand the doctor held the air-pump lever, which slowly rose and fell. His other hand rested on a small electrical switchboard. His eyes were on the mummy's face.

Suddenly he threw the full current on. There was a dry, crackling sob from the mummy, a husky chatter of the teeth, and the Princess' jaw closed with a snap.

The Eminent Professor of Languages staggered back with a gasp of blank despair. We fixed our eyes upon him in horrified suspense, as he strove in vain for speech.

"Ruined!" at last he hoarsely groaned. "She says she was born deaf and dumb."



N Convictions N

By Anna Farquhar

THE JAPANESE DRAMA

A DRAMATIC event of importance this winter has been the American appearance of the Japanese company of actors selected by the Japanese authorities from the National Theatre at Tokyo to appear at the Paris Exposition. En route for Paris, by special arrangement, this company gave a number of interesting performances in the United States. Conspicuous among their number were the most celebrated actor and actress of the kingdom of perspectives, Otto Kawakami and Sada Yacco. This dramatic company was interesting both for its subtle performances, following the lines of the best modern emotional school of acting, and for its revelation to unaccustomed eyes, of the life and thought of a wonderfully poetic, refined people.

Sada Yacco may fairly be classed with Eleanora Duse in point of restrained, balanced emotional power and simple, unaffected realism.

Kawakami is more explosive, and proportionately less effective in his methods; but notwithstanding these blemishes (to which add a disagreeable voice) he gave a finished, logical performance, differing only from the best acting of the European stage in its national color and characteristics. One point of difference conspicuously apparent was the Japanese actor's gesture, something continual, and though generally speaking graceful, frequent-

ly verging upon the affected and bizarre.

More especially did this company shine in their unity of play. Down to the veriest supernumerary, every detail of action and picturesque grouping was perfected. They worked excellently well as a team, with consummate ease and dramatic virtuosity.

The one undiluted barbaric effect achieved was by means of the music employed during certain tragic scenes, when a musician played weirdly in the flies upon an instrument combining the musical qualities of the banjo and mandolin beside a strange, dismal timbre peculiar to itself and singularly well fitted as a medium of expressing the light motive of a heavy villain. When a male singer accompanied by this instrument came forth as a soloist between the acts, one felt that Wagner in a nightmare could not have sounded more dissonant and unpleasant, which goes to show that man was not created with an established standard of aesthetics. Taken all in all, no other performance in our country this winter has equalled that of the Japanese players in point of novelty and interest.

THE KNACK OF LEARNING

IT may be true that we know nothing more than our grandfathers in principle, but it is not true that our minds learn in the manner of our grand-

fathers, therefore, it behooves every instructor to feel the mental pulse of his pupils, thus learning from them how to teach by studying minutely their requirements and growing ever closer to their changing needs.

A celebrated teacher once made this epigram: "Get all you can from every body, but take not all from any body."

Every idea advanced is worth consideration, but, at the same time, few ideas are perfect, and especially are they imperfect in their relation to us, unless we can make them so entirely a part of our own minds that they pass on to others shaped unconsciously anew by our own personality. This mental element of assimilation is usually termed genius or originality; but a moderate degree of that factor can be attained by any thinking being willing to search his horizon diligently for new and reasonable ideas.

The ideas once found must then be picked remorselessly to pieces by a receptive mind unbiased by previous learning or prejudice, and afterwards comes the process of building up a new edifice of our own upon a cornerstone made of the new idea. If we can improve upon the original well and good; even if we slightly mar the original well and good for our mental growth, provided we give it out through the medium of self rather than through a parrot's throat.

A great teacher teaches his pupils how to learn the very first thing, otherwise his instruction might as well be talked into a phonograph. There is no dearth of ideas in our wonderful world, but there is a discouraging dearth of receptivity and assimilation in those seeking truth, no matter how thoroughly in earnest they may be.

When each mind contains a repair shop for old ideas and a small manufacturing establishment for new, the

world will begin to wag to more purpose.

THE FATE OF THE FIGHTER

ANYONE having known a single Briton thoroughly well is qualified to judge the motives and probable conduct of the British nation; for, unlike most other peoples, all Britons are cut on the national pattern.

There are some Americans who do not like to crow and wear diamonds; there are a few Frenchmen who do not especially relish the theatre, salads and duels; occasionally a German repudiates beer, bands and Bismark; many Italians cheerfully do without bananas, monkeys and palaces; once in a while a Spaniard lives in the present rather than in the glorious past; but every Jew grasps a dollar and every Englishman craves a fight. In this unity of Jewish characteristics lies the Semite's greatest strength and fatal weakness, and if, (as is often pessimistically intimated) the British people are verging upon a fate similar to the Romans, the cause of their downfall can be traced more surely to their fists than to their morals. The popular idea that every successful man must fight his way along, has like most ideas, at least one weak spot.

Every pugilist meets his Waterloo. Every fighter meets another fighter before whose force he dies or runs away. Meantime he isolates himself from general sympathy along with the Ishmaelite, and when his final conqueror strikes him in front, all the little people he has slapped and whacked at every opportunity run up his back like avenging Lilliputians armed with poisoned darts. On the whole, the Briton is the most honorable of pugilists. He seeks a fair fight, face to face, eye to eye, hate to hate; but the unpleasant truth remains that his very

openness is his undoing. Where any other man or nation would find relief in a covert back-handed slap, or a diplomatic pursuit and attainment of an object, the Briton does not relieve his feelings so, but lets them off a la Jove and his thunderbolts.

Might is right as you can maintain it (perhaps) but it becomes altogether wrong (for you) if you fail by a hair's breadth.

Cervera attempted fully as brave a deed as did Dewey, but no one crowns him a hero because he just missed the point he was undertaking to make.

Consequently, when we depend entirely upon an imperfect force in projection that force is liable to swerve and react disastrously, showing with vigor the error in our calculations.

The fighter errs in spending his force extravagantly instead of conserving it into well-balanced energy.

A BUREAU OF PLEASANT THOUGHTS

IN this epoch of enterprise it would seem astonishing that a Bureau of Pleasant Thoughts has not yet been established. Everything which exists to the individual finds source in that individual's mental perception; and so, as the habit of pleasant thinking is though desirable not universal, what more benevolent occupation could a man originate than the distribution of agreeable thoughts to applicants lacking in such invention?

To be sure such a practitioner needs must possess a marked faculty for psychological diagnosis; he must be able, after a few moment's conversation with his patient, to indicate exactly what thought material would divert his or her mind from unpleasant ways, and then to carefully compound a prescription sufficiently well balanced not to induce crankiness in the worst form.

If each individual were to examine conscientiously into the minor unpleasantnesses of his life, nine out of ten would be brought to confess themselves temperamentally at fault, more especially by the color their own thoughts give to incidents than by the intrinsically vexatious elements of those incidents. Now if the barking of my neighbor's dog or crowing of his roosters annoy me I might apply to the Bureau of Pleasant Thoughts, were there one, and be furnished with a thought so powerfully agreeable that the mere thinking of it would drown out the neighborhood barking or crowing.

Early in life one could purchase a pleasant thought calculated to befriend him to the end of earthly tribulation. This thought could, like a mental hose, be turned on to scenes of discord, and with its spray refresh and clarify the situation. To be sure this idea may belong to the field of mind cure, but in one respect it branches out anew, in that it is, at least, more objective than Christian Science; it supplies a tangible need with a tangible thought; and what we all require practically in this life is something to take hold of in some way or other.

Indeed, we could each and every one be of mutual benefit in the art of living happily, if we were impressed with the importance of furnishing pleasant thoughts and dodging disagreeable ones. Whenever a duty or a kindness is concerned in the execution of unpleasant thinking we run the risk of moral cowardice when we shirk, but, generally speaking, when the mind is habituated to a quick perception of the ugly side of every question that mind is psychologically diseased, and can only be cured by a course of sun baths, which might be furnished, as before suggested, by a Bureau of Pleasant Thoughts.

A GLANCE



AT BOOKS

Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"THE REAL HAWAII"

OF all our newly acquired possessions, Hawaii seems to be from all points of view quite as valuable as any. It seems not a little strange that after the bickerings of other nations in regard to the possession of these islands, they should peacefully come into the possession of the United States, and without revolution or bloodshed become a territory of the great republic. In "The Real Hawaii," by Lucien Young, U. S. N., there is the charm that comes from a close sympathy, the keen observation of an eye-witness of all the different proceedings, and an interested participant in the various ceremonies. Lieutenant Young has given excellent descriptions of the resources of the island. It is the greatest sugar-producing country in the world, and excels any other in the perfection of its refineries. The book is full of graphic descriptions and information of great interest and importance. Doubleday & McClure.

"JANICE MEREDITH"

ANOTHER story of the Revolution has made its appearance, this time from the pen of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, who has more than once entertained us with his pleasant, well told tales. "Janice Meredith" may be classed as one of his best. The scene is laid in New Jersey during the struggle for independence, and is full of the intrigue incident to those stirring times. Many famous historical characters are introduced, and the promi-

ent characteristics of each are adroitly emphasized. The hero of this book is a redemptioner bound to serve his term of years in the service of a blustering Royalist, who subsequently escapes from many serious dilemmas solely through the timely assistance of his despised redemptioner. The hero is in love with his master's daughter, and on this the story is constructed. There is an added charm of mystery enshrouding the gallant hero which is but partially cleared away, leaving something to the reader's imagination. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"SANTA CLAUS' PARTNER"

TO have written such a book as "Santa Claus' Partner," is a distinction that is permanent. Such a collection of sweet sentiments—crystal in their purity—have not been published for many a year. It is a question whether any one but Mr. Thomas Nelson Page could have written this exquisite little Christmas story. Such a delicate touch and perfect manipulation of the heart's strings belong to but few. Let the man who has counted nothing but dollars for a score of years, who smiles with satisfaction on his glittering gold, who has had no time for love or for Christmas, read this book, and he would be less than human if his heart were not touched and quickened. The merry jingle of the bells, the good-natured crowds, and the belated shoppers, are all like pictures of everyday life passing before our eyes. Scribners.

"MANDERS"

THIS book might rightfully be called a study of character. We will not call it "psychological," as that much abused word would tend to rob it of much of its peculiar individuality and charm. Mr. Elwyn Barron perfectly understands his men and women, and the logical results of certain occurrences are naturally and simply accomplished. No mock modesty mars the realism of the studio scenes; and his artistic sketches of the Quartier Latin are particularly affective, being used only as a medium through which subsequent events are developed. His Englishman is a perfect type of the somewhat blunt and obtuse sort, as Englishmen are apt to be when trying to understand and approach matrimonially some brilliant, willful and self-assured American woman. But Mr. Mendenhall's resources are quite startlingly revealed, when, as a final resort, he allows this girl her choice between becoming his wife or death by drowning. The situation is positively unique and very amusing. The characters are all well rounded studies and Mr. Barron does not disappoint us with weakness or a rough-edge incompleteness in any instance. There is perhaps a little too strong a tendency towards Balzac in some places, but without the revelry in the descriptions of the decay of life which is so much a part of the great Frenchman's work. L. C. Page & Co.

"GERMANY, HER PEOPLE AND THEIR STORY"

IT is a formidable undertaking to attempt the task of writing an intelligent history of a nation in one volume, but this is what Augusta Hale Gifford has attempted in "Germany, Her People and Their Story." She has succeeded much better than could be expected, condensing in such a way

that the leading historical events, the various turning points, are clearly outlined and stand forth with due prominence. There may be too great credence allowed to legends, but the many legendary stories told are interesting and serve to fasten on the mind some otherwise fleeting impressions. The history begins with Charlemagne and continues through the centuries to the present day. In the leading events of history she adheres closely to the best authorities, and, although not original in idea or arrangement, preserves, with few exceptions, continuity and clearness. Lothrop & Co.

"AVERAGES"

THIS is the title of a novel, or more properly, a sketch of New York social life, written by Eleanor Stewart and published by D. Appleton & Co. It is a loosely constructed tale of the episodes in the life of a heroine who is deceitful, and a poseur in her most trivial word or act. Nevertheless, she is most attractive because of her sparkling wit, and genuine delight in giving pleasure. There is little action in the story; and the lack of coherency in its development would be fatal, were it not for the delightfully clever conversation with which the tale is replete. Certainly one could forgive a great deal of mild lying and artificiality—which in this instance works no serious harm, and very little lasting discomfort—for the sake of meeting so entertaining and naive a woman as Cornelia Burnham in this commonplace world. Her domestic life was not happy; neither was it wretched; and neither husband or wife suffer in lacking each other's love, for of ideal domestic affection they were alike incapable. This limitation, however, does not make their existence uninteresting, nor mar the story.



UPID met a maiden once;
and while he tried to flatter,
Her mind, until he got a chance
to shoot an arrow at her,
"Your presence," she remarked to him,
"Your presence me annoys."
So run away somewhere and play.
I don't like little boys."



THE BALLAD OF THE KENTUCKY FEUD

Miss Isabella Donna Dunn
Lived near the town of Lexington,
And kept a dog, because she knew
It was the proper thing to do.

She was a blue-grass maiden fair,
And had no one her life to share;
Her age was half-past forty-three,
Which was a proper age to be.

Young Joseph Peter John James
Moore,
Unmarried, lived alone next door
And kept a gentle, mild-eyed sheep,
Which was a proper thing to keep.

Young Joseph had moved there that
spring,
And was as meek as anything;
He longed to know some one who
knew
What was the proper thing to do.

He had two mild and pale-blue eyes,
And he was somewhat under size.
He said, "I'll be of age in May,"
A very proper thing to say.

One day Miss Bella called on him
And smiled and said, "You're rather
slim;
Eat more fat pork." Said he, "Do you
Think that's the proper thing to do?"

She hit him shyly on the head,
And punched him in the ribs and said,

"Pray fetch me here some bread and
meat;

Now is the proper time to eat."

He fetched her food and fetched her
wine,

And meekly sat and watched her dine;
And then she rose and said "Good
day."

Which was the proper thing to say.

She called on him again quite soon;
In fact, she called each day at noon,
Because she felt she'd like a meal,
Which was the proper way to feel.

One day she said, "My pale-eyed dude,
We really ought to have a feud,"
Said he, "I leave it all to you.
Is it the proper thing to do?"

"Unless we have a feud," said she,
"We are not of the first degree;
Just take my word as being true,
It *is* the proper thing to do."

"I don't say no," he said, and sighed.
"You'd better not," she madly cried,
And pulled him harshly by the wool,
Which was the proper thing to pull.

"I understand," she said, "you keep
In-your back yard a timid sheep."
He said, "'Tis so, I wish I knew
It was the proper thing to do."

"It is," she cried. "It is quite right;
A woolly sheep gives much delight.

All other animals above
It is the proper kind to love."

"But that our feud may start aright
My dog must kill your sheep to-night;
And though this may seem harsh to
you,
It is the proper thing to do."

Poor Joseph Peter John James Moore!
It touched him to the very core.
He blubbered, "May I mourn my sheep?
Is it a proper thing to weep?"

"It is," she said, "it gives relief;
But please to use your handkerchief.
Don't wipe your eyes upon your sleeve,
It's not the proper way to grieve."

That night Miss Bella's good dog Dash
Made sheepy into mutton hash;
And Joseph let him, for he knew
It was the proper thing to do.

Next day Miss Bella Donna Dunn
Said, "Now our feud is well begun;
We now are aristocracy,
And that's the proper thing to be."

"But my poor sheep," young Joseph
cried,

"Is on your hungry dog's inside!"
Cried she, "Your tongue should be
controlled,

It is the proper thing to hold.

"To-day," said she, "we must conclude
This cruel and unchristian feud.
A feud that comes 'twixt friend and
friend

I think a proper thing to end."

"It's rather soon," he meekly said;
But when she whacked him on the
head

And harshly boxed his ears, he knew
It was the proper thing to do.

She rudely grasped him by the hair
And banged him roughly in a chair;
And he said neither yea nor nay,
Which was the proper thing to say.

"Young man," she said, "a blue-grass
feud

May in one way alone conclude."
He murmured, "I leave that to you,
What is the proper thing to do?"

"A maiden of one house," said she,
"Must wed one of the enemy;
A wedding is the healing salve,
It is the proper thing to have."

He trembled weakly in his chair,
And gasped and wildly pawed the air,
And swooned. She said, without con-
straint,

"It's not the proper time to faint."

When he revived a bit she said,
"Indeed, my love, they always wed."
Said he, "and must I marry you?
Is that the proper thing to do?"

"It is!" she cried in accents sweet,
And gently yanked him from his seat,
And squeezed his breath out by de-
grees;

He was the proper one to squeeze.

That night she married him at eight,
Because, she said, he could not wait;
And he obeyed, because he knew
It was the proper thing to do.

Ellis Parker Butler

A NEW TWIST TO A RACE-OLD TALE

"FOUR years ago I was doing space
work on the 'Keewaydin Daily
Courier,'" said the new reporter. "Kee-
waydin was a livelier town then than
now, for the forests about it were
not yet shorn, and the lumber indus-
try had not entered upon the inevita-
ble decline that it is now traveling.

"In January, 1895, there was a tre-
mendous fall of snow, and, save by
telegraph, all communication with the
outside world ceased. The wires bore
us the news that the railroads would
not be open for at least three weeks.
Then came a period of intense cold.

At noon, the thermometer would register 38 below zero; at night it would drop down five degrees lower. It was so cold that everybody stayed indoors

publication and the rest threatened to. The 'Courier' was reduced to a one cent sheet affair and all of the staff but me took a vacation. I stayed on duty,



*"She rudely grasped him by the hair
And banged him roughly in a chair;
And he said neither yea nor nay,
Which was the proper thing to say."*

and the mills shut down, and the stores closed, all except the provision stores and drug stores. There was nothing to chronicle, so one daily suspended

prowl the frozen town, half hoping to find a frozen man to make an item of news.

"On the ninth night of the blockade,

I left the office at ten o'clock. There were two or three men in the composing and press rooms in the basement. Otherwise, the building was empty. So was the street. In the cloudless dark blue arch above, frostily gleamed the full moon, while toward the north the great spectres of the aurora borealis marched westward across the sky in solemn procession. Off in the west of the city, a howl rose on the air.

"Another howl, another, and still another, and the whole demoniac chorus of a pack of starving timber wolves that had scented me, *that were after me*, sounded not half a mile behind. I flew east on Langdale street, and not an open doorway or lighted window greeted my eyes. Frantically I tugged at several doors leading to upper stories, but all were locked and now the chorus of the wolves was redoubled by the echoes of the chasm of buildings through which they were rushing, for they were now in the business quarter, close behind.

"I turned the corner of Allouez street and there a block away, safety, life, beamed upon me with benevolent eyes, one green, one red. I rushed up to take the electric car away from the wolves.

"The car was empty. Down on Grignon street shone the lights of a drug store, the only open place of business to be seen. The fire in the car was out; the car crew were at the store getting warm. The company were running very few cars and those irregularly. This was the last car for the night. I had a clear track. There wasn't time for me to get to the drug store. I turned on the current and away the car sped, but a warning jar soon made me moderate the speed. The track was frosty, there was danger of derailing, and so I did not dart away from the wolves as I intended.

There they came, not far behind, forty wolves or more howling down the mile long row of four and five story stone buildings that constituted Kee-waydin's principal business street, the pride of twenty-five thousand people.

"But I was not at the end of my rope or the car line. In this part of the city the track made a loop, up Nemahbin to Farwell and back on Minnedosa to Allouez. Around the loop I and the infernal crew halloed, down Allouez again, going faster than before. It was now or never. There was no loop at the end of the line. The wolves would get me before the doors of the car barn could be opened, if, indeed, the men would dare open them with such a noise outside. I would freeze if I tried to stay in the car. So when I turned the corner of Allouez and was pointed up Langlade towards the 'Courier' office, I put on all speed, risking derailment, and made a spurt that gave me time to run from the car and close the outside door behind me just before the foremost of pursuers surged against it.

"I sat down and wrote a glowing account of the episode. Here was some news at last. A scoop, too. Still, the wolves might get to rampaging around and the other papers learn of their presence in town. They were still outside the door, yelling. I wanted to go home. Besides, in all the stories I had read, the good little boys who escape, kill a wolf or two and make something in the way of bounty. There were forty bounties and hides down there at the door.

"The editorial rooms were on the third floor. There was one big room and a little room for the editor-in-chief built into it. There was a door from the corridor into the main room, another into the private office, while a third connected the private office

and main room. All were spring doors. I opened the transom of the main room and private office door and fixed a table so I could jump up into it. Then I fastened back the office door into the corridor by a string tied to a nail in the transom. Then I unlocked the front door down stairs, opening it an inch, but preventing it from opening any further by bracing a stick against it and the foot of the stairs. I fastened a string to this stick and from the head of the first flight, pulled it and ran like the dickens. I wasn't more than up in the transom, before the whole pack was in the private office, leaping up at me. I released the string, the outer door shut, and there they were. I dropped over into the main room, put a finishing touch on my story and went down to have it put in type. Everybody had gone. Except the room where the wolves were, every room that had a telephone, was locked. So I went over to the drug store on Grignon street and telephoned the editor to send some of the printers back, as I had the biggest scoop ever scup, but before I was half through my story, he said:

"Hold on. I have felt like cutting down the force for some time. A man who'll tell such a story as that is a good one to begin on. Consider yourself discharged. Wolves chasing an electric car! I suppose they have gone to the car barns to spend the night."

"No", said I, "they're in your private office. Have central give you your office and listen."

"In about five minutes he said, 'I humbly apologize. Your salary is raised.'"

"Then I asked central to give me the office, and I never felt more solemn

in my life as I listened to those wolves howling. The wolf, beast of the uninhabited wilds, the very genius of desolation, sending his cry of hunger woe over the telephone."

W. A. Curtis

THE IDLE GRASSHOPPER

(A Modern Fable)

THERE once was a gay young grasshopper who was a most idle insect. Instead of working and laying up a store of food for the winter, he chirped and sang the whole summer through.

Now, when the winter came this grasshopper felt sadly out at elbows, and, not knowing where else to go, he called on Cousin Ant, who he knew had worked hard all the summer, and was now well provided for.

The Ant met the Grasshopper at the door, and after inquiring and learning the cause of his cousin's need, he dismissed him with the recommendation to keep himself warm by dancing winter away as he had summer.

The poor Grasshopper turned away disheartened to his plantain-leaf house, and waited for death from cold and hunger.

The next day Lawyer Beetle called upon him. Cousin Ant had died intestate, the past night, of heart-failure brought on by overwork, and the Grasshopper, as next of kin, had inherited his wealth.

Then the grateful grasshopper raised his eyes to Heaven, and thanked a just Providence that had so ordained that ants should labor, and lay up store, "For," thought he, "without Cousin Ant's foresight and prudence, where should I be now?"

Alice Van Leer Carrick





THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

PRIZE WINNERS FOR DECEMBER

First Prize: Hyman Askowith, 81
Albion St., Boston, Mass.

Second Prize: Harriet L. Eaton, 365
Wisconsin Ave., Oshkosh, Wis.

Third Prize: John W. White, 1012
Pioneer Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Fourth Prize: Mrs. Fanny S. Curtis,
Colchester, Conn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Emeline H. Mann, 1603 Oxford St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Laura K. Cassidy, 1724 Seventh St.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Lizzie T. Hussey, Skowhegan, Me.
Mrs. Frank E. Clark, East Hampton,
Conn.

Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth
Ave., New York City.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN DECEMBER

Literature

1. To escape troubles in which his youthful and characteristic follies had involved him, Robert Burns decided to go to the West Indies, and by publishing some of his poems, secured money enough to pay for his passage. But fate had ordered otherwise, and immediately before starting he received a letter calling him to Edinburgh. It was the turning-point in his life. In the Scottish capital his poems had excited universal admiration, and when he arrived there he was greeted with

the greatest applause and enthusiasm.

2. Thackeray said of Irving—while the latter was in Europe—that he was the “first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old.” A very happy expression, indeed!

3. William Cullen Bryant wrote his best poem at the age of nineteen (some say only seventeen). This was “Thanatopsis,” of which an English critic said: “Had Bryant written nothing else, this poem would have embalmed his memory.”

4. The “Casket Homer” was an edition corrected by Aristotle, which Alexander the Great always carried about with him, and laid under his pillow at night with his sword. After the battle of Arbela a golden casket richly studded with gems was found in the tent of Darius; and Alexander, being asked to what purpose it should be assigned, replied: “There is but one thing in the world worthy of so costly a depository,” and put his edition of Homer in the casket. The book thus became known as the “Casket Homer.”

5. The Bannatyne Club was a literary club, instituted by Sir Walter Scott in 1823, which had for its object the publication of rare works pertaining to Scotch history, poetry, and general literature. It was named after George Bannatyne, who, by his great industry, rescued from oblivion much of the early Scotch poetry. The club was dissolved in 1859.

Art

1. Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth" (*Libro di Verita*) was a book containing that painter's sketches with the date of the finished picture and its buyer on the back of each sketch. It is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and is used to verify any one's claim that he has one of Claude's paintings, as he seldom signed his name to his works.

2. An interesting story is told of Murillo's "Madonna of the Napkin." The painter was working at the Convento de la Merced (which is almost filled with his works), when the cook of the convent begged a memorial of him. All that could be found was a napkin; but Murillo painted on it a madonna, which is unexcelled among his other works for brilliancy of color.

3. Velasquez's famous picture of the "Water-Carrier of Seville" was carried off by Joseph Bonaparte in his flight from Spain, taken in his carriage at Vittoria, and finally presented by Ferdinand VII. of Spain, as a grateful offering, to the Duke of Wellington, in whose gallery at Apsley House the picture remains.

4. Annibale Carracci, the greatest of the Carracci, was born in 1560, and was persuaded to become a painter by his cousin, who taught him for ten years. He decorated the great hall of the palace in the Piazza Farnese at Rome, and painted the frescoes in the chapel of San Diego, in San Giacomo degli Spagnole. He died at Rome, 1609, and was buried near Raphael in the Pantheon.

5. Maria Barbola, immortalized by a place in one of Velasquez's most celebrated pictures—the "Maids of Honor"—was a little dame about three feet and a-half in height, with the head and shoulders of a large woman, and a countenance much under-jawed, and almost ferocious in expression.

She was one of the dwarfs that abounded in the Alcazar of Madrid in the days of Philip IV.

General

1. In 1825, Lafayette visited the United States, and as it was then just fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill, he was asked to lay the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument on June 17. He came to Boston a few days earlier, and was met with a great ovation. At the ceremony on Bunker Hill were present some of the veterans of the Revolution, and Lafayette preferred to sit among these men rather than under the canopy that had been provided for him. Daniel Webster was the orator of the day and delivered one of his best speeches.

2. The presidential campaign of 1824 was called the "scrub-race for the Presidency." There were four candidates: J. Q. Adams, Jackson, William H. Crawford and Clay. The electoral vote gave no one a majority, so the House was to choose a President from the three highest names on the list: Jackson, Adams and Crawford. This time, the friends of Clay voted for Adams, and he was elected President.

3. By the Treaty of Paris, 1763, France surrendered the whole of North America east of the Mississippi to Great Britain, and all west of that river to Spain; but in 1800, Napoleon secured this land, Louisiana, from Spain, only to sell it again to the United States in 1803, for \$15,000,000.

4. The Royal Provinces were the New England colonies, New York and New Jersey, when under the tyrannical rule of Sir Edmund Andros, who had been sent out from England to take away the charters of these colonies and proclaim himself as royal governor.

5. The London Company in 1606 obtained a charter from James I. to colonize Virginia. In 1607 it made the

first successful settlement in that country at Jamestown. In 1609 a new charter was secured, which changed the form of government slightly. But in 1624 the king took away its charter, claiming that the company was not using it properly and faithfully.



FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY

Literature

1. Where are the three largest libraries in the world?
2. Which one of our famous American poets was born in Portsmouth, N. H.? What should you say marked his style of writing?
3. Under what influence did our beloved poet, Longfellow, write "Hyperion?"
4. What work, in what periodical, first brought Kipling into prominent notice, and what made this particular periodical notable?
5. What are the peculiar doctrines of Count Tolstoy, and how does he carry them out?

Art

1. What are considered the eight finest facades in the world?
2. Who was the professor in drawing at West Point, when Whistler was a cadet there, and what work of his is

in Washington, and in what building?

3. What work of Whistler's is in the West Point picture gallery, that illustrated his singular plan of drawing?
4. Who painted the only authentic portrait of Dante; what happened to it, and where is it?
5. What did Correggio receive for his picture of "The Day," that is in the Parma Gallery?

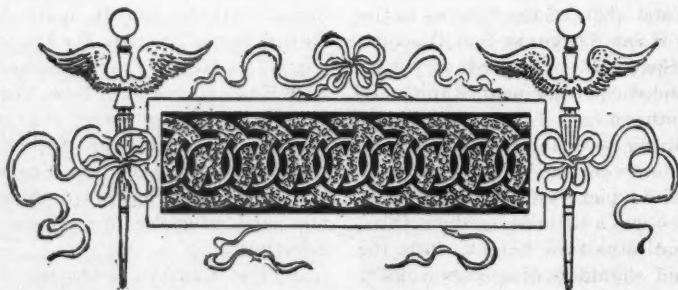
General

1. How are the French utilizing the labor of certain kinds of spiders?
2. How long has Italy had a navy?
3. Where did the Red Cross Society originate, and who founded it?
4. Who was the first child born in Boston?
5. What were the only two naval engagements during our war with Mexico?



PRIZES FOR FEBRUARY

- First Prize: "The Carpetbagger," by Ople Read and Frank Pixley.
 Second Prize: "So Runs the World," by Henry Sienkiewicz.
 Third Prize: "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp.
 Fourth Prize: "With Dewey at Manila," by Vivian.





From the CROW'S NEST

By *Havre Sacque*

year just closing. It is another example of the wholesome in children's literature. L. J. Bridgman and other artists have done their best, which is superlative, to make this book good for the whole year.

~ ~ ~

COMMEND me to the wholesomeness and wit of Anthony Hope's "Adventure of Lady Ursula"! No villainy, no striving for dramatic sensation, no blood-letting, swash-buckling tragedy, (though in one spot it does come within a pistol's muzzle of one, indeed!) but just natural everyday banter, challenge, and awkward dilemma, with just the prettiest little touch of romance to give it grace and symmetry. Miss Lawrence, in Boston, has created new friends for drama with this role during the holidays, playing it with great delicacy and a vivacious intelligence. This, surely, is not the era of the decadent in stage art; for while there's life there's Hope, and more like him, and a still wider public that will applaud anything he has to offer.

~ ~ ~

One of the ideal books for the children's playroom is the "Little Folks' Illustrated Annual," published by Dana Estes and Company, a compilation of the delightful things brought out in Charles Stuart Pratt's monthly of the same name during the notable

It seems that Spain has gleaned—perhaps long, long ago—to be chivalrous to her neighbors. The treaty of 1834 called for the payment of arrears of interest on indemnity awards, fifty-seven payments having been made up to the time war was declared with Spain in 1898. The treasurer of the United States has just sent to seventy-seven persons the fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth installments. The war with Spain technically released the Spanish government from any obligation to pay; but the Spaniards politely (?) refused to take advantage of this, and sent the drafts for this year's interest, \$28,500, plus last year's arrears. Peace, it would seem, hath now its victories!

~ ~ ~

Percival Lowell of Boston and Prof. David P. Todd of Amherst, will represent the American astronomical interests in Northern Africa on the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun, which is to take place May 28. They are already on the way, intending to stop at important European observatories, collect-

ing latest information regarding instruments and astronomical work, and intending to return in June. Other nations will also be represented astronomically on the borders of the Sahara Desert, where the probability of a clear atmosphere is so much greater than elsewhere. The Americans carry with them a twenty-four inch telescope for taking large scale pictures of the solar corona. The eclipse will be visible in southern United States, from Virginia to Louisiana.

§ § §

The war in the Transvaal can easily be accounted for on Scriptural grounds. When Mr. Chamberlain, the doughty colonial secretary, with a strong suspicion of unpreparedness in his attitude, refused to accede to the Boer proposition that England should abandon her suzerainty over the South African republics, and precipitated war on England, the honest burghers, who do nothing hastily, sat down to think it over. It seemed to them—their rough Afrikaner clothing so well padded with stout-bound Bibles that a bullet would have to be strongly emphatic to find flesh-plowing—that the colonial secretary had the appearance of saying to England's Queen:

"Ask of me and I shall give thee these heathen and the uttermost parts (of the Transvaal) for thy possessions."

Perhaps they looked abroad over their own territory and saw the spruits dropping fatness upon the kopjes of the wilderness, and the little kloofs rejoicing on every side (the Scriptures must sound something like this in Boer-talk. I've been reading the Boer War press reports). Then from every kraal and every laager, and every veldt, and every tonga, and every nek and krantz, came a commando with ample supply of billtong from the thrifty women at home; and Rhodes

was bottled, and White and Yule beleaguered, and Methuen repulsed, and Buller discomfitted, and Roberts and Kitchener—but this is anticipating history. It is safe to predict a strong strain of low Dutch in the English dictionaries of the near future. Or will it be, mayhap, Boer dictionaries, with a slight English accent?

§ § §

It remains for American publications to equal in quality the half-tones executed by "Country Life Illustrated," published by Hudson and Kearns, and George Newnes in London. A certain plate, about 6x7 inches, "A View Over the Hill at Abbotsbury," affords a study in near and distant light and shade so far unexcelled in printing annals. Detail of leaf, blossom, massed foliage, gravelled walk, English hedgerow, garden corner, rustic gate, and verdure sloping into rolling Dorsetshire upland, all conspire to make the picture worth preservation by frame. Photographer, paper-maker and printer should be decorated for making the first-prize plate out of the whole world's December magazine output. The Earl and the Countess of Ilchester may well take delight in seeing their magnificent country seat so royally portrayed. What is really, exclusively, and at-the-heart English, in life and pursuit, may be better appreciated from a study of this "weekly-de-luxe" than from any other source.

§ § §

"In Boston, we believe the English to be better (spoken) than in New York."—Editor Country Life, London, December 9, 1899.

§ § §

Speaking of pictures, about the best American plate work is issued by William V. Bryan, who publishes the

monthly paper of "fun, sport, and recreation," "The Traveler," opposite the Lick House, in San Francisco.

§ § §

"The Printer-Journalist" has unearthed a number of crude illustrations of fifty years ago, and is publishing them serially to show the astonishing advance in illustrating methods. The wife-beating, flax-breaking, and heart-rending features of this series of cuts,—the unkindest cuts of all this season's wealth of embellishment—lead to a dread, almost, what another fifty years may bring forth. In 1900-and-something, (perhaps as early as "The National Magazine's" proposed observance of the 300th anniversary of the Pilgrim-Puritan movement) half-dime, morning, 200-page, coated-paper, quarto "National Magazine" "specials," giving complete accounts of the forenoon's session of the Celebration, and with instantaneous portraits of all the speakers, taken in the act, will (probably) be shot from the roof of the chief Exposition building to Africa and other no-longer remote parts. May we all be there!

§ § §

If we would, we can scarcely avoid in this life the commercial side of any question. In all the season's offerings, "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill (Macmillan Company, New York), easily leads. The same publishers produced another popular work, F. Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis," which treats of the Second Crusade and its stirring times. Then Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith" (Dodd Mead & Co., N. Y.), was very popular. Cyrus Townsend Brady's "For the Freedom of the Sea" (Charles Scribners Sons, N. Y.), and "Trinity Bells" with its flavor of old New York (J. F. Taylor & Co., N. Y.), are worthy of special mention. The utterances of Peter Finley

Dunne as "Mister Dooley" (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), had an immense sale; also the charming "Beacon Biographies" "When Knighthood was in Flower" (Bowen Merrill Company, Indianapolis), "David Harum" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), "In Ghostly Japan" by that fascinating writer, Lafcadio Hearn (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), also met with a gratifying demand.

§ § §

When people feel inclined to take and heed admonition at all, they should be more willing to take it in the genial form of the versified pictures of Ralph Bergengren, "In Case of Need," Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Many who are not meek need admonishing, and the book should have much wider field than its "meekly" dedication claims for it. Spite of wars and many rumors thereof, the gray earth will be much nearer the millenium and the legs of policemen (see plate 23) will more often ossify from lack of use, when Mr. Bergengren's wise observations anent street cars, falling in love, overcoming obstacles, and quelling anger are carefully regarded by people. His amusing little people, and some of their animal and insect neighbors, have a strangely familiar look, and did not we know that most of them lived in either Chicago or New York, we would be willing to swear they had been met in Boston. The verses, "three rhymes and one out," after the manner of Omar Khayyam of blessed memory, have as much truth as poetry about most of them. This book of humor should be put not far from the shelf on which one's well-thumbed Thomas a Kempis lies—if it can be proved that Thomas a Kempis ever lies—for this makes more pretensions to art than Thomas does, and is more practical to the average householder.



Events Current and Undercurrent

THERE is a prophetic interest in the following from a speech by Senator Beveridge, before there was any idea of his becoming senator, and before Dewey had gone to Manila. It was delivered before the Middlesex Club in Boston after the declaration of war against Spain:

"The Pacific is the true field of our earliest operations. There Spain has an island empire, the Philippine archipelago. It is poorly defended. Spain's best ships are on the Atlantic side. In the Pacific the United States have a powerful squadron. The Philippines are logically our first target.

"We are the allies of Events and the comrades of Tendency in the great day of which the dawn is breaking. In the name of labor to be employed in clothing and feeding new peoples and new lands, we welcome it. In the name of capital, rusting in idleness, to be quickened into developing the resources of our commerce, we welcome it. In the name of a congested industrial situation, to be relieved by the industrial expansion of American civilization, we welcome it. In the name of the mighty minds of every party and of every English-speaking land whose dream we now go forth to realize, we welcome the golden dawn of the Republic's full-grown manhood. We shall not live to see its close; but it is enough to behold its daybreak, for in that—

"Our eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord."

IN a hotel lobby at Washington, I chanced to meet Frank Stockton, and he has promised a story for "The National Magazine," within ten years, if he can catch up with promises due. Mr. Stockton has just returned from West Virginia, where he has been reeling out his imagination on paper to keep up with publishers' demands. Mr. Stockton is a delightful little man with snapping black eyes and moustache touched with grey. He is somewhat lame and has a way of squinting one eye down his cane while talking that gives emphasis to his reflective moods in conversation. Few authors have a more loyal constituency and his "The Hundredth Man" is one of the best studies of American life for this generation that has been published.

THE trust agitation has not abated. The investigation and facts deduced from the 1900 census will have an effect in bringing matters to a crisis. Estimates as to the total population are now in order, and it is said Mr. Merriam has put it at 74,000,000. The trust question is one that the various States must be made to solve. Circulars are now being sent out from Delaware, revealing more lenient or looser corporation regulations than even New Jersey, the pest-hole of corporate corruption. And with the specific inside facts revealed by the census, the watered and inflated corporations are going to fall under the

searchlight of federal publicity at all events; and this will give the various States some pretty broad hints that it will be well to regard. The ethical proposition of President Hadley of Yale and William J. Bryan to socially ostracise any man connected with a trust, strikes at a vulnerable point in human nature. But what about the multiplied endowments dumped upon rich universities such as Yale, when a wealthy man gets his ticket for eternity? The philanthropic epidemic of the year is a commendable phase of American generosity—but the “philanthropist with his pile” needs quite as much direction and sympathetic counsel as the “man with the hoe.”

A BIT of diplomacy that cannot fail to flatter American pride, has been consummated by the receipt, during the past month, of a written guarantee from the Russian government, that whatever might be the vicissitudes of the Celestial empire as to territorial disintegration, American trade treaties with China would continue valid. The Russian government was the last of the great powers to accord us this guarantee. This same assurance, as regards British treaty rights, has been sought in vain by the court of St. James for the past year. Some English papers have affected to regard this demand on the part of our government, at this critical period of British history, as proof of our friendly feeling, even going so far as to intimate that our diplomatic machinery was set in motion through London influence. Nothing could arouse the latent Anglophobia so easily as statements of this kind. And the moral force of a probable ally with which England holds hostile Europe in check can be easily destroyed by assertions tending to prove an entente so at variance with our traditional policy.

THE Anglo-Boer war, which began with the rupture of diplomatic correspondence, October 10, 1899, has been marked by an almost uninterrupted series of Boer successes. Of the twelve or fifteen engagements, the British arms can claim technical victory in the indecisive events of Elandlaagte and

Belmont only, both of which left the victorious armies in positions so precarious as to justify in the one case immediate retreat, and in the other an urgent call for reinforcements. The threatened isolation of minor commands at Kimberly and Mafeking, in Rhodesia, and the almost hopeless position of General White at Ladysmith, have forced the British to divide their forces. General Methuen is in command of the relief of Kimberly and Mafeking. Generals Gatacre and French are threatening an invasion of the Free State, for the purpose of drawing off the force opposing Methuen; and lastly, Gen. Redvers Buller, with the main army corps, is advancing to the relief of Ladysmith. Each one of the British generals has sustained a decided reverse. Methuen at Magersfontein, Gatacre at Stormburg, Buller at Tugela River, and, lastly, French at Colesburg. The original plan of campaign was an advance in force on Bloemfontein. This, in fact, was Gen. Buller's intention on his arrival at Cape Town, but the appeals of his subordinates and those who had friends in the imperiled commands at Mafeking, Kimberly and Ladysmith, proved persuasive enough to determine him in a division of his reinforcements. The results, i. e.: the frittering away of his strength, proved that his original plan would have been more effective. The British loss, up to this present writing, in killed, wounded and missing, has been in the neighborhood of 9,000 men, being practically a whole army corps. This is a remarkable verification of Paul Krueger's prediction that the cost of this war would “stagger humanity.”

THAT the British government, as well as public, has been demoralized, if not “staggered,” is evidenced not only by the “panic appointments” of their best generals, Roberts and Kitchener, but by the dangerous policy of indiscriminate seizures of neutral goods. The American public have been restive under the news of the seizures of the “Mashona,” “Beatrice” and “Maria,” vessels plying between neutral ports, and with cargoes of American flour. Our State Depart-

ment awaited full details of the circumstances, before making representations to the British authorities. The American contention that foodstuffs do not constitute contraband of war has been recognized by the British, with the exception that the ship's manifest must prove that the goods are not destined for the use of the enemy—our contention since 1812.

BELEIVING that one of the great centers of interest for the next decade will be China and the Orient, "The National Magazine" has commissioned Henry L. Fobes to go to China and write a series of illustrated articles, giving observations of special interest to Americans. Mr. Fobes is a keen observer and writer, and a young man of practical business experiences, and his articles promise universal interest. He has gone direct to Shanghai, and we hope to publish the first of the series at an early date. He is making a special study of business and industrial opportunities in China for American brains and capital. We have much more to promise the thousands of new subscribers to "The National Magazine" for 1900 than we ever anticipated; and it is, indeed, encouraging to realize that the efforts in this direction are so appreciated.

SEVERAL events have occurred that have a bearing on the ever delicately poised world's balance of power. The latest of these are the efforts of Russia to effect an international conference for the purpose of revising international law on the subject of contraband of war, especially with reference to foodstuffs. England has apologized to Germany for the seizure of the "Bundesrath," and promises not to offend in this respect.

THE rumored advance of a Russian army corps from the Caspian Sea to Herat in Persia, will bring the lion and the bear face to face on the Indian frontier in the near future, but only when the history of this struggle between Slav and Saxon for the world's supremacy has been written, will the Boer independence be

settled. Never in modern times has Great Britain been so denuded of home defences as to-day, and this condition may have a bearing on this question of the world's balance of power

FRANCE is taking this crucial period of England's helplessness to pursue the even tenor of her interrupted aggrandizement in the Orient. During the past month the French have sunk two Chinese gunboats that opposed their progress in their most recent land-grabbing exploit.

IT seems to be generally conceded that the preponderance of sympathy in America is in favor of the Boers. This sympathy to date has manifested itself in mass meetings, called in every section of the Union. Many municipal councils, and even state legislatures, have passed resolutions of sympathy—although these have been opposed by respectable minorities.

AT this writing there is a great battle in progress around Ladysmith. General Buller and General Warren have crossed the Tugela. There is a sinister phase in General Buller's proclamation to his troops which evidently means that they are to stop at nothing. At the Modder river General Methuen is checked, awaiting reinforcements. General Cronje, the "Lion of the Veldt," has effectively stopped him. Methuen must double his forces.

THE Isthmian canal seems at last assured; at least there is no concerted opposition. This great work, so essential to our national security and prosperity, has been given an impetus by the object lessons of recent events. The voyage of the "Oregon" "around the Horn," as well as of the voyages of our transports by the Suez route, demonstrated to patriotic Americans everywhere the folly of delay. It seems fitting that Senator Morgan of Alabama, who has been a life-long advocate of an inter-oceanic canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, should be the chairman of the committee in favor of the canal.

THE COTERIE CLUB



JANESVILLE, WIS.

SOUTHERN Wisconsin, and especially Rock and Walworth counties, have been termed one of the most prosperous communities of the United States. Here the people have completed the rugged struggles of pioneer life and enjoy the benefits of culture and refinement. Janesville is the centre of Rock County, and in Janesville there are many social, religious, musical and intellectual organizations that reflect the individual tastes of the people. In the Janesville

article of last month, a mention and photograph of the "Coterie Club" was inadvertently omitted and we publish it herewith with other illustrations omitted, because "The National Magazine" has a policy of doing things as comprehensively as possible, hence the reason for publishing this addenda. "The National Magazine" has the largest circulation of any popular priced periodical in Janesville, and the other cities, where the subscription campaign under Mr. Fox was begun.

VIEW OF JANESVILLE FROM THE SOUTH



A VIEW ALONG THE RIVER



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